

JAN. 35c

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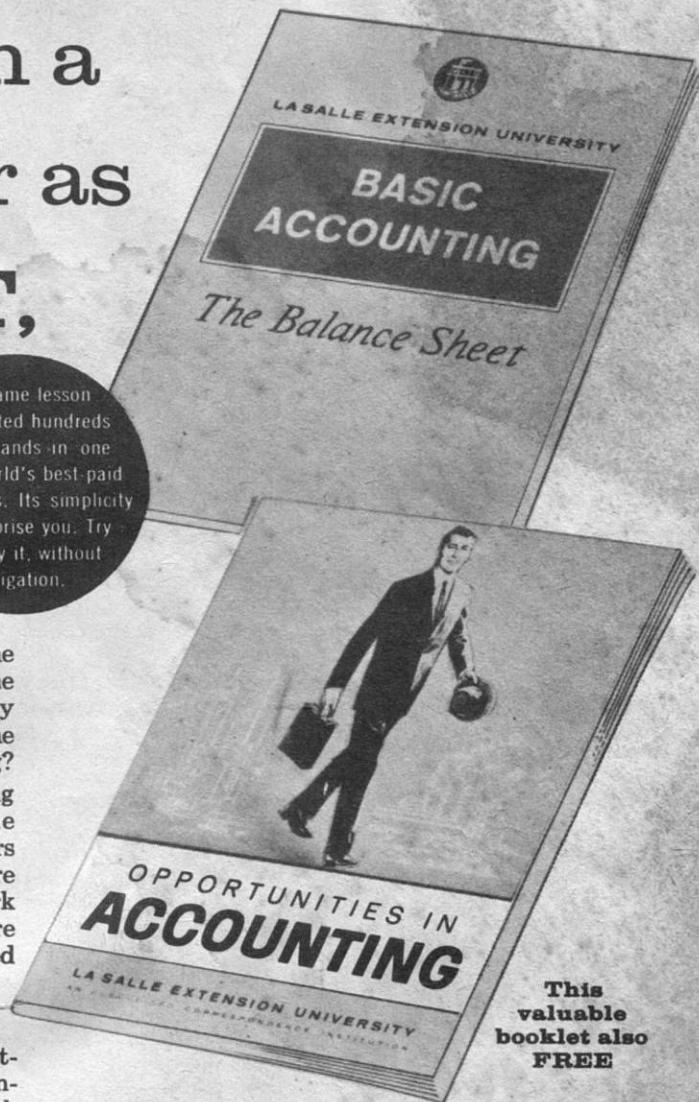
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MI HOLLYWOOD CANDIDS

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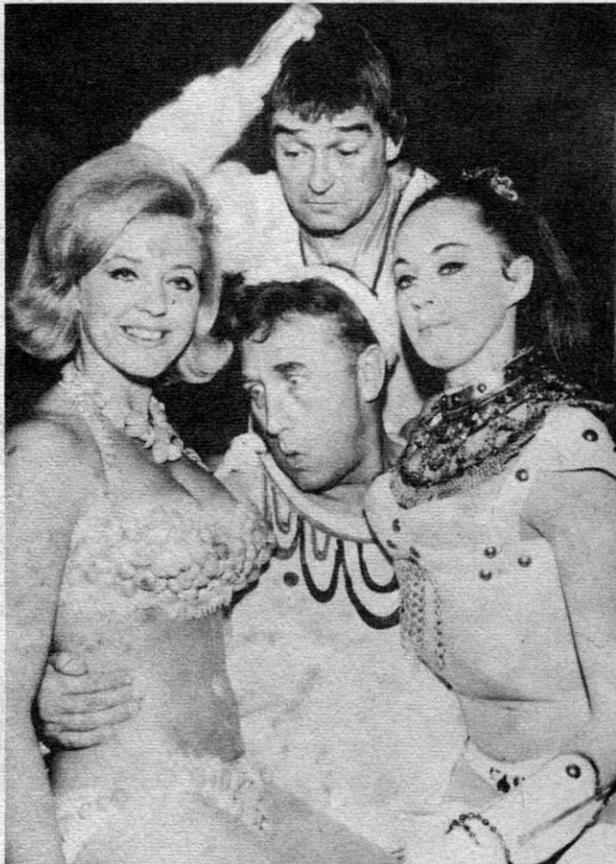
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TV Technician

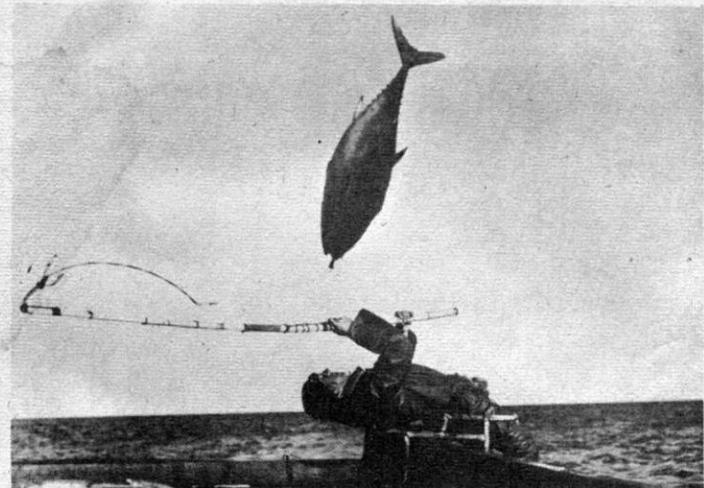
MAN'S ILLUSTRATED CANDIDS



HELLO DERE seems to be comedian Frankie Howard's greeting to shapely Christine Childs, perched on his knee during rehearsals by London company of Broadway hit "A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Forum."



PLAYING DODGE WITH DEADLY KING COBRA is William E. Haast's job. Every Sunday he puts on show for tourists "milking" venom from fangs of his 5 cobras at Miami Serpentarium.



LOOK-ME IN THE EYE AND SAY THAT is Ern McQuillan's challenge to monster tuna he's trying to boat off Melbourne, Australia. Flying fish lost fight and eventually wound up in tin can.



TWISTIN' AROUND THE POOL may not always be safe, as Eva Six recently learned at a Beverly Hills party. Hungarian actress created a sensation with her torrid dance, accidentally lost her footing and wound up in the drink.



Don Bolander, M.A., University of Chicago; B.S., Northwestern University; Director of Career Institute; authority on adult education.

Shamed by your English?

You can soon speak and write like a college graduate if you let me help you for 15 minutes a day.

LET'S BE FRANK

If you've ever been shamed by a mistake in English, maybe I can save you from years of disappointment.

You see, none of us will ever go any farther than our ability to speak and write will let us go.

I have met countless numbers of intelligent men and women who are being held back in their jobs and social lives—often without knowing it—because they couldn't express themselves fully and easily.

What About You?

Could you get ahead faster with a command of good English? Just ask yourself these questions:

Even with all your ability and ambition, how long has it been since you had a promotion?

Even with all you have to offer, when people get together at work or at parties, are you the one they listen to?

Be Honest with Yourself

If people are not impressed by the way you speak and write—and, if you're honest enough with yourself to admit it—you have already taken the first big step to success.

The Next Step Is Easy

You can master good English *without going back to school*. Over the years I have helped thousands of men and women to stop making embarrassing mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, and become interesting conversationalists—right in their own homes.

Here's What to Do

I can help you, too, if you will give 15 minutes a day to the Career Institute Method of mastering good English. My answers to the following questions will show you how quickly and easily you can stop being ashamed of your English, and do something about getting ahead.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Good English is absolutely necessary for making a good impression and getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What do you mean by a "command of good English"?*

Answer It means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read.

Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your thinking becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

Question *Wouldn't I have to go back to school for a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home—in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The unique Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, gain a colorful vocabulary, write clearly and well, and discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *How do I know it works?*

Answer There are thousands of letters in my files, testimonials from people in all walks of life who have used the proved Career Institute Method to achieve amazing results. If you send in the coupon below, I will share some of these letters with you.

Question *How long will it take me to learn to speak and write like a college graduate, using your method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to you. The booklet fully explains the new easy-to-follow Career Institute Method and tells how you can gain a command of good English, quickly and enjoyably, at home. Just send a postcard or fill out and mail the coupon below.

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 332L, 30 East Adams, Chicago 3, Ill.

Please mail to me, without obligation, a free copy of your 32-page booklet,
HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH.

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FLASHES FOR MEN



MILITARY

U.S. and Russian scientists are in a grim race for what can only be described as the ultimate weapon—a device that controls men's minds via electronic impulses. An extremely crude model has already been used successfully in experiments on monkeys . . . In the last 7 years the number of U.S.A.F. pilots over age 40 has increased 1,000%, causing aero-medics to take a second look at their "grounding" rules. They're worried about the recent upsurge in sudden heart attacks among all men in this age group . . . Navy men coming back from leave on the Italian Riviera say that the house getting the biggest play is one where closed circuit TV is wired into special rooms. Costs about \$20 for a seat in front of a wide-screen viewer that switches from room to room. The management swears patrons to secrecy so that neither the customers nor the girls know they're on "live" TV . . . Just to give you an idea of how advanced our space-travel thinking and experimentation has become, the TOP PRIORITY PROJECT AMONG AMERICAN SPACE SCIENTISTS IS THE DEVELOPMENT OF A NETWORK OF REPAIR STATIONS TO HANDLE SPACE BREAKDOWNS . . . The U.S. today has enough stock in its nuclear stockpile to destroy the Soviet Union's cities and industrial complexes 231 times. The Reds, however, are lagging behind us a little—they have only enough to do the same to us

and our allies 145 times . . . The outer shell of an Atlas rocket is so thin that it would collapse of its own weight if it weren't filled with liquid fuel and pressurized gas . . . GI's manning the Korean armistice line report that the best way to land a "moose" (a mistress) is to saunter down to one of the nearby streams at dusk when all the local belles are taking their daily baths. The secret is to ignore the babes who don't object to a man staring at them (they're married and not looking for anything on the side) and to concentrate on the bashful one. If she takes off into the brush, the American is expected to follow in hot pursuit—until she catches him . . . According to U.S. intelligence reports, THE REDS HAVE BOTCHED 6 OR 7 SPACE LAUNCHINGS WITHOUT REPORTING THEM. The claim is the Soviet sent men up on trips to the moon, Venus, and Mars, but goofed each time, and now they don't want the rest of the world to know how they've been wasting cosmonaut lives . . .

MEDICAL MATTERS

Most medics won't advertise the fact, but THE MOST EFFECTIVE MEANS OF BIRTH CONTROL FOR MEN IS A SIMPLE OPERATION known as a "vasectomy," a severing of the vas deferentia, the tubes that carry sperm to the seminal fluid. The operation takes about 15 minutes to perform in a surgeon's office, requires only local anesthetic, costs \$150 or less. And, most important, of the 40,000 men who undergo the operation each year, virtually all report increased sexual activity after surgery . . . In the past 30 years, due to modern miracle drugs, the chances of a man dying by the time he's 35 have dropped 65%; before age 65, the odds are down 25% . . . According

to Dr. William Montagna of Brown Univ., THE MAN OF THE FUTURE WILL HAVE NO HAIR ON HIS HEAD OR BODY. Fact is, he doesn't even need it today, since its original and only use—to stabilize body temperature—was long ago taken over and performed more efficiently by specialized internal control mechanisms . . . If you think you're a victim of chronic back trouble, hear this: Dr. H. R. McCarroll of St. Louis says that in 9 out of 10 people, low back pain is the result of minor injuries to soft tissue or slight ligament tears, and that rest, support and letting the other guy do the heavy lifting will usually bring quick and complete recovery . . . Maybe the little women are kidding themselves, but most psychologists will tell you that VIRTUALLY ALL WIVES BELIEVE THEIR HUSBANDS ARE FAITHFUL to them—that is, until such time as the evidence indicates otherwise . . . Latest studies show that most people who commit or attempt suicide are not really 100% determined to kill themselves. Actually, the majority of them are gambling with death, leaving it to other people to save them or let them die. That's why 8 out of 10 suicide-prone people give some warning of their intentions before the act . . . SWEDISH DOCTORS HAVE COME UP WITH AN INJECTION THAT HELPS YOU KICK THE CIGARETTE HABIT. After the shot goes to work on you, smoking actually makes you sick . . .

CARS

Maybe you noticed it yourself, but driving on superhighways with limited access roads produces only half the tension in you as on a highway with frequent cross-roads, one-third as much as on city streets. A U.S. Bureau of Public Roads psychologist, says it has something to do with the number of maneuvers you have to make in each case . . . Recent automotive safety studies have turned up the fact that THE AVERAGE BAD DRIVER CANNOT BE FRIGHTENED INTO BECOMING A SAFER ONE with statistics

(Continued on page 51)

Man's Illustrated

Earn BIG MONEY



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In Your
Spare Time!

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Letters to the Editor

EDiTor

MAN'S ILLUSTRATED, 260 PARK AVE. SOUTH, N.Y. 10, N.Y.

STORMING SAIPAN



"Robert Leckie's account of the Marianas campaign (THE CORAL INFERNAL CALLED SAIPAN, Nov., '63) was so damned realistic I could practically feel the body-draining heat and the stench and smell of battle. I bought mine with the Second Battalion, Sixth, just outside Garapan (lost three fingers on my left hand—sliced off by some shrapnel while waving my squad ahead—but stayed with them another 24 hours until my lieutenant ordered a corpsman to take me back to a dressing station), and let me tell you those stubborn Nip b——— were the best damn soldiers we had fought up to then. No *hara-kiri* for those boys—never once saw a Jap who had shoved his rifle into his mouth and pulled the trigger with his big toe—but they did strap land mines or grenades to their bodies and tried to take some of us with them, and if they got a tank in the bargain so much the better. As for the street fighting in Garapan itself (I copped out of the field hospital after one day), we had never seen anything like it before. Every little hole seemed to hold a sniper, and even after we had blasted him out, the next day we had to go back and do it all over again because during the night Jap infiltrators had slipped through our lines and occupied the position again. All in all, it was hell..."

"Thanks for remembering Saipan. It seems to have gotten lost these days—with all the attention (movies, TV, etc.) focused on the D-Day landings in Normandy (they both took place in June 1944)."

F.K.
Redding, Calif.

For another exciting account of savage street fighting in the Pacific theater (also

seemingly unheralded heretofore), we suggest you turn to page 44 for THE BLOODY BATTLE FOR MANILA.—The Editor.

SIN SPY'S MEMOIRS?

"Your article INSIDE A SEX SCHOOL FOR SPIES (Nov. '63), was great and it reminded me of a wild story (regarding the Russians' use of sex to blackmail a U.S. agent) that kicked around here not too long ago. Seems the Reds' counter-intelligence people in an Eastern European capital staged this liaison between a CIA man and a 'boudoir happy' gal who worked in our information office. The passionate babe lured our man to her apartment and promptly stripped, jumped the flabbergasted guy, and proceeded to do what comes naturally. The CIA man, figuring he had a nymph on his hands, gallantly responded to the situation and discharged his obligations nobly. Unknown to him—the Reds had hidden cameras grinding away and, with the cooperation of the lustful lassie, captured every torrid moment on film. Several days later the CIA man was approached as he was having dinner by a stranger who sat down at his table and, without a word of introduction, handed our man a manila envelope containing a choice selection of prints showing our Romeo in action. Obviously a Red contact man, the stranger hinted that unless our man cooperated with his government copies of his boudoir acrobatics would be forwarded to the CIA man's superiors, his wife and family, newspapers, etc. Raw blackmail? Of course, and in some instances it works only too well. What did the CIA man do? According to the story circulating in certain offices here, he looked at the pictures and then said to the contact man: 'These are great pictures! I'll take a dozen of each!' The Red agent was so taken aback by this unorthodox reply that he just shook his head in bewilderment, got up from the table, and walked away—never to bother the CIA man again. Of course, our guy reported the blackmail pitch to his superiors—who raked him over the coals for ex-

posing himself to that kind of deal and promptly withdrew him for another assignment elsewhere. But it all points up the idea behind your article. Nothing too coarse, or low, is beyond the Russians, and they'll try anything to get a double-agent inside our intelligence services—provided the guy in question doesn't bounce back the way our hero did."

P.R.
Washington, D.C.

VEGAS BEAUTIES



"Your last few issues have featured a lot of good looking broads, but that doll in the November issue (Glenda Graham) beats 'em all hands down. If anything convinced me (and I didn't need much arm twisting) that the next vacation I take should be in Las Vegas, that gorgeous babe did. Between dolls like her, and those *Folies* gals appearing in one of the hotels down there, a guy could get lost just admiring the 'natural' beauties that Nevada boasts of."

B.D.
Helena, Mont.

If you can steer clear of the gaming rooms, and we know of dozens of stronger men who have succumbed to the lure of clicking cubes and shuffling pasteboards, you can have a swell vacation. As for your meeting Glenda or any of the other gals—well, you can get book on that down there.—The Editor.

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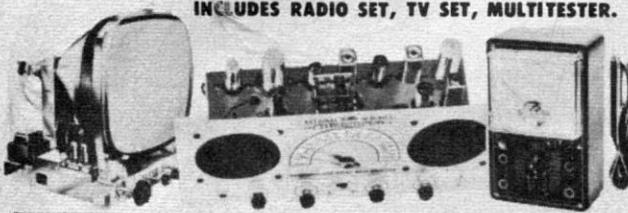
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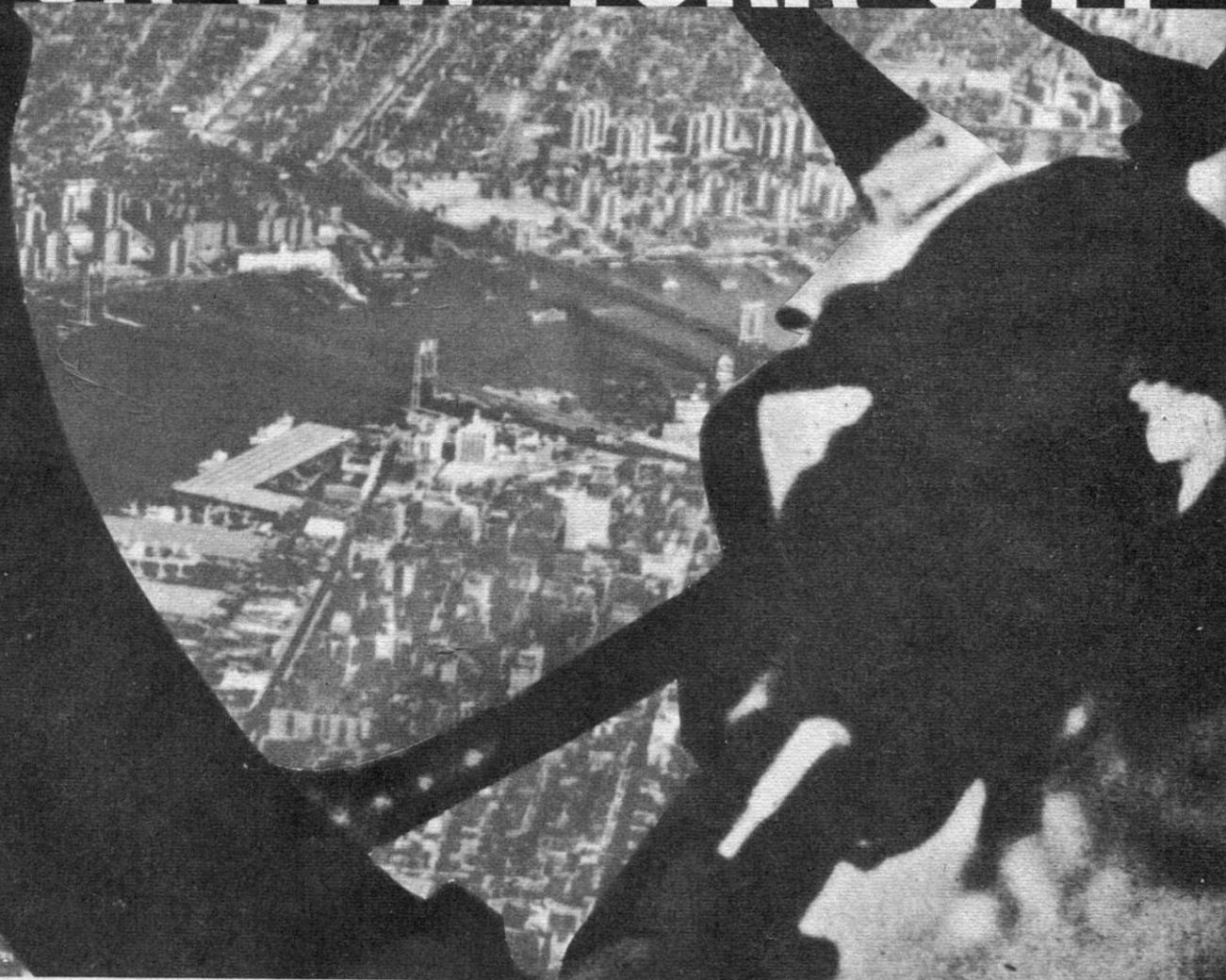
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MOST FANTASTIC BOMBER RAID OF WORLD WAR II

THE LUFTWAFFE'S



SUICIDE ATTACK ON NEW YORK CITY



by **STUART
WOOD**

THE early morning darkness at *Kampfgruppe Nord*—on the Norwegian island of Froya—was ablaze with floodlights, despite the ever-present danger of air attack, to permit the cameras of Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry to grind away at two giant bombers, carefully guarded in their hangar by a semicircle of leather-coated SS men with machine-pistols on slings.

Flugkapitan Helmut Ochrn and the other crew members had to make their way through a throng of milling brass and civilian officials to reach the hangar. Included in the crowd were such notables

as Himmler, Goering, Milch, Speer, and Willy Messerschmitt, Nazi Germany's top airplane designer.

The atmosphere was electric; everyone knew something momentous was about to happen.

In a little over half an hour the two huge bombers were scheduled to take off on the most fantastic raid of World War II—the attack on New York City.

The two bombers were top-secret Messerschmitt Me-264's, 40-ton monsters that dwarfed even the American B-17, the redoubtable Flying Fortress. With a range of better than 5,000 miles, a bomb capacity of three tons, four DB 603 engines plus additional turbo-jet units, these monstrous planes were the deadliest weapons the Luftwaffe possessed. Fortunately, the two Me-264's in

the hangar at *Kampfgruppe Nord* were the *only* two it possessed.

By 0500 hours, the crews were at their stations.

At 0515, *Flugkapitan* Ochrn revved up his engines and asked the control tower for permission to take off.

Immediately, he was cleared to the proper runway.

At 0529, his voice even, his manner routine, the *Flugkapitan* called, "*Über-rümpelung One Two to tower. Ready for take-off. Instructions please.*"

Into his earphone, the calm tones of the flight controller came back almost instantly, "*Über-rümpelung One Two cleared for take-off.*"

Flugkapitan Ochrn let out the brakes and, with his gloved right hand, pushed

MORE

THE LUFTWAFFE'S SUICIDE ATTACK ON NEW YORK CITY

up the four throttles, moving the left engines slightly ahead of the right.

At exactly 0530, the two giant bombers followed each other down the East-West runway of *Kampfgruppe Nord* and disappeared out to sea into the receding night . . .

Flugkapitan Helmut Ochrn was heading for the culmination of months of gruelling work and tense preparation. It all began in June 1944, when he was summoned to the Berlin office of Col. Werner Baumbach, the Luftwaffe's brilliant and youthful General of the Bombers. In the office, besides the colonel, he found Wolfgang Linge, the senior Luftwaffe test pilot; Professor Messerschmitt, and *Obergruppenfuehrer* Ernst Kaltenbrunner, (Himmler's head of the secret police).

"Kapitan Ochrn," Colonel Baumbach spoke first, "you have been personally selected by *Reichsmarshal* Goering to command the Luftwaffe's first attack against a target on the *North American continent*." He waited a moment to let the full impact of these last three words sink in. Then the colonel continued. "From now on complete familiarity with our new Victory bomber will be your only assignment. Professor Messerschmitt and *Herr* Linge will now tell you something about the new plane."

The "assignment" was gone into in complete technical detail by Professor Messerschmitt, its creator, and test pilot Linge. A mammoth plane capable of carrying a load equal to that of six

conventional Luftwaffe bombers, it was specifically designed to hit such distant targets as New York City and Boston—then rendezvous at a prearranged point at sea where the crew would ditch and be picked up by U-boat.

The huge Victory bomber—one of a number of so-called "V" weapons in which the Nazis had an almost mystical belief—was already well beyond the drawing-board stage and the first prototype was expected within a matter of weeks. If the model checked out a small number of operational aircraft should be ready by early September. Regrettably, mounting Allied air attacks against the Third Reich were causing unavoidable delays and the German aircraft industry—particularly the Messerschmitt plant near Essen—had to concentrate on fighter production to stem the enemy bomber armadas.

But Nazi Germany's time of retribution was coming, or so an increasingly desperate Hermann Goering assured the German people. This was why a morale-boosting gesture—such as a surprise attack on New York City—was absolutely imperative. Oddly enough, Colonel Baumbach and other equally realistic senior Luftwaffe officers seemed to have believed this too. Ironically, only Professor Messerschmitt—the designer of the Me-264 and the aero-engine wizard who could have provided Hitler with jets in time for the Battle of Britain—seriously questioned the over-all value of a nuisance raid on the American city.

Although he was only 27 at the time, *Flugkapitan* Ochrn was the ideal man for the job of making "Operation *Über-rumpelung* (Surprise)" a reality. A veteran combat pilot, he had commanded a bomber squadron during the sweep across Europe and had personally led the first formation of Heinkels to cross the English Channel to bomb London. If he needed any further credentials, he was married to a niece of Field Marshal Erhard Milch, Inspector General of the Luftwaffe, and was one of the very

few pilots in Germany to have had long-range navigational experience (on *Focke Wulf* *Kuriers* across the Atlantic).

As a matter of interest it should be noted that the *Kurier* was the only four-engine plane in regular operational service with the Luftwaffe. Known as the Fw 200, it was used for long-range reconnaissance and for attacking Allied convoys in the mid-Atlantic. Other experimental designs, such as the six-engine Junkers 390 and the eight-engined Blohm und Voss 800 (which fell apart in the air), all proved unsatisfactory. Only the Me-264 actually saw limited service, although this type, too, provided plenty of "shakedown" problems.

Meanwhile, Ochrn had his own problems getting two top-notch crews together.

He had a little more than three months in which to recruit suitable personnel and forge them into two crack fighting teams. The mission, as Ochrn undoubtedly recognized, was virtually suicidal and beset by the kind of technical problems for which there was no precedent in the German Air Force. It involved no less than a transatlantic air-strike against a probably well-defended target (German intelligence was remarkably ill-informed regarding the state of U.S. home defenses) over 4,000 miles from base; then, a complicated rendezvous with a U-boat somewhere at sea.

It was enough to tax the determination and nerves of any man. Nonetheless, carefully and methodically Ochrn began to recruit his force.

As his co-pilot he chose *Unterleutnant* Rauff, a young bomber pilot with considerable combat experience—on Junkers, Dorniers, and Heinkels. His bombardier was *Oberleutnant* Schafer, who won his wings and Iron Cross over Warsaw, Rotterdam, and London. As his navigator Ochrn picked a real pro, *Oberleutnant* Tiedman, a crack navigational officer and a graduate of the famous "Landsdorff" pathfinder school. Finally, to round out his crew, he selected *Unterleutnant* Keppeler as his flight engineer, and three NCO's, *Unteroffiziers* Frahm, Buhle and Mueller, as radioman and gunners respectively.

As captain of the second bomber Ochrn decided on *Flugfuehrer* Heinz Rudel, the younger brother of Ulrich Rudel, the German Stuka ace.

Because of the necessity of absolute secrecy, Operation *Über-rumpelung* was put under the jurisdiction of Himmler's SS (by 1944 the bespectacled little Death's-Head leader had his bloody hand in all sorts of things, even establishing his own rocket research station near Danzig in competition with the *Wehrmacht's* center at Peenemunde).

The base assigned for the operation was a barren, isolated Luftwaffe airfield near the 60th Parallel on the Norwegian island of Froya—the location of the Luftwaffe's most northerly bomber group.

The place was perfect. The nearest city was Bergen, 50 miles away. But the island had more than this to command it. The SS was well aware that almost all secrets eventually leak; it was aware, too, that when secrets don't leak, the presence of something extraordinary is indicated.

Kampfgruppe Nord already had a secret project on the base—a special weapons outfit testing buzz bombs over the Norwegian Sea. The buzz-bomb project, it was hoped, would account for the secrecy and deceive Allied Intelligence—a sort of double organizational camouflage.

(Continued on page 74)



Rare photo of long-range German bomber, designed for striking targets thousands of miles away, was Hitler's secret weapon for the air attack on New York City.

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SENSATIONAL EXPOSE

GENEVA—SIN TOWN

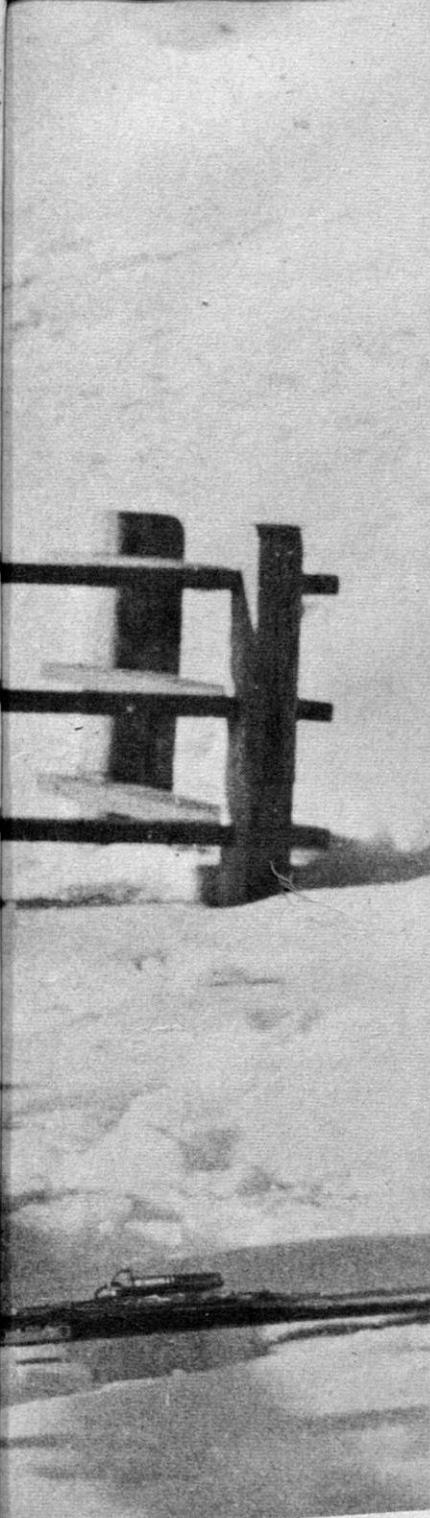
by ARNOLD PAULUS

KEN Martin sat alone at his table in the sidewalk cafe. He breathed in the cool summer air which was scented with flowers and heavy with the promise of romance.

He didn't have to be alone. Not by a long shot. Chic matrons and pert secretaries at other tables indicated by every means short of sending him notes or buying him drinks that they would not be adverse to a bit of dalliance with the handsome young American.

But Ken had enjoyed so much romance lately that he was getting particular. He sipped his *aperitif* and waited patiently for just the right girl to come along. Our jaded hero had to wait all of five minutes.

His eyes and all his senses focused on



ON THE SKI SLOPES

her like radar as she walked toward him on the sidewalk. She didn't wiggle and she didn't sway. It was something in between—like vibrations.

She was a petite, full-bodied doll with a wide, sensuous mouth and well-spaced brown eyes over a cute turned-up nose.

A gamin haircut that looked as though it had been combed by nothing more than five fingers hinted at her carefree personality.

She was a sales girl, dressed with modest good taste. However, the conservatively cut skirt and blouse served

only to accentuate the charm of her ripe body.

Ken's gaze fastened on her lush breasts which strained for freedom under a filmy white blouse, threatening to pop buttons that were already open at the throat.



GENEVA— SIN TOWN ON THE SKI SLOPES

This was no one-way deal. If Ken was fascinated, the girl was more than intrigued. Her walk slowed as she spotted Ken looking her over. She smiled demurely and lowered her eyes modestly. All the while, she was vibrating and breathing deeply. Ken expected to see buttons go flying in all directions.

Ken rose as she approached his table which was separated from the sidewalk by a waist-high, grilled-iron railing. "Millicent!" he said in his very bad French. "What a delightful surprise! It calls for a drink." He invited her in with a caviler, wide-sweeping gesture of welcome.

"But, Monsieur, my name is Gabrielle," she replied. "Besides, I am not sure that I . . ."

"Ah, yes, Gabrielle," he cut her off. "How could I forget. Come in! Come in!" His gaze caught hers, challenging her to accept his invitation.

"Very well." She shrugged with mock resignation and entered the sidewalk cafe to join Ken for a drink as though he were indeed a long lost friend.

Aside from envious glances from some of the ladies present, this bit of romantic play went virtually unnoticed. Not because Ken and Gabrielle were good actors, but because such little dramas were quite common in the neighborhood.

The *aperitif* led quite naturally to supper at an intimate club where a tight little combo provided good dance music. The fact that the small floor was crowded made it all the more interesting as far as Ken was concerned. It gave him all the excuse he needed to hold Gabrielle close to him.



Frigid temperatures supply instant water chaser in the form of a huge icicle outside hotel windows during a wild afternoon cocktail party.

into the bedroom. He held her in one arm as he pulled the covers down. Then he deposited her gently in the middle of the white sheet. She said nothing. She just looked at him—waiting impatiently . . .

A story like that—complete with sidewalk cafes and pert little girls who speak French—might lead a fellow to think of Paris or Rome. The town in which all this took place, however, is Geneva. This gay little city doubles anything Paris has to offer—in spades!

This is a broad statement. So right off the bat we will admit that there really are a few things that this swinging Swiss city does not have, aside from the Louvre and the Eiffel Tower.

One of these things is prostitution. While there are a few call girls sitting by the telephone nights, to say nothing of a few international-type "houses," there is nothing on the grand and glorious scale of Paris.

Who needs it? As we have already seen, there are passion puppies all over the place. You really don't have to go chasing after them either. They come to you. Furthermore, there is no price tag attached, unless it is on you. And this, friend, is not beyond the realm of possibility.

Another area in which Geneva can't match Paris is in high prices. You get almost twice as much for one of those solid Swiss *francs* in Geneva than the same amount will buy in Paris.

Geneva, in the French-speaking part of Switzerland, is a modern city of 182,000 on the shores of Lake Leman and in the shadow of Mt. Blanc, the highest peak of the Alps.

This permanent population is swelled considerably by tens of thousands of delegates, envoys and assorted speech mak-

Brisk mountain air and bathing-suit snowball fights among the gals help stimulate tired bodies after all-night drinking bouts.





Meeting in the wee hours of the morning in corridors — after getting into "something more comfortable" — is usual practice among many sophisticated hotel guests.

Heated indoor swimming pools give the girls a chance to show off their bikinis — and the guys to do a little window-shopping before the evening's festivities.

ers who gather at Geneva to wrangle about treaties, cold-war problems and international agreements.

It is probably more than coincidence, but these meetings most usually occur during the good weather months, and afford sufficient time off for delegates to enjoy the delight of mountain and beach, to say nothing of other attractions.

Toss in many more thousands of tourists and casual visitors and you have a number of excellent reasons why Geneva alone among all the cities of Switzerland has a reputation for wild and woolly living.

So disreputable is Geneva, in fact, that the proper citizens of Zurich and German Switzerland claim that the damned go to Geneva when they die.

Maybe, but we would find it considerably more enjoyable to go there before we die and be damned later.

Unlike the rest of Switzerland where bars and cafes close at midnight, the gin mills of Geneva stay open until the wee hours—4 a.m. and later.

Another sign of enlightenment: the Police in Geneva cannot break into a couple's room and demand to see the marriage license as they can in prim and proper Zurich.

The best way to get to Geneva is by plane. This can be done tourist class for about \$50 down and \$25 a month for 24 months. A better arrangement is to go on a charter flight for as little as \$250 round trip.

In order to take advantage of charter flights you are supposed to be a member of a club or group that has a contract with the air line for the plane-trip there and back. While there are many rules, they can be gotten around easily. All you have to do is tell your travel agent well in advance and he will line you up with the proper organization.

The only disadvantage to charter flights is that your stay is governed by the amount of time everyone else can spend overseas. This may be three, four or five weeks. Once at your destination, though, you can do as you please and there is no rule that says you have to stay with the other club members.

You do have to be careful, however, that you don't miss the flight home. You'll be out of luck if you do.

The first place to visit when you arrive in Geneva is the Ba-Ta-Clan, a smoky strip-joint that is a hangout for most Americans in town. Here, you will find college girls, career women and housewives, to say nothing of soldiers from our NATO Forces and sailors from our Mediterranean fleet.

While the girls may be in Switzerland for sports or sightseeing, they are also looking for a little romance. Thus a lad who drops in at the Ba-Ta-Clan can virtually have his pick from among the willing women who offer themselves.

There is no price tag, of course. These girls are amateurs who participate for the love of the game. You may go the price of a drink. However, if you're low on funds, you can get the girl to spring. It's only fair that she should be willing, considering the demand for your services . . .

While everybody makes a splash of sorts in Geneva, it is the international set which lives it up the most. The proprietors of the city's bars and nightclubs claim, furthermore, that the Arab, South American and African delegates live it up the most. Russians and Americans are undoubtedly too busy talking about world problems to kick up their heels.

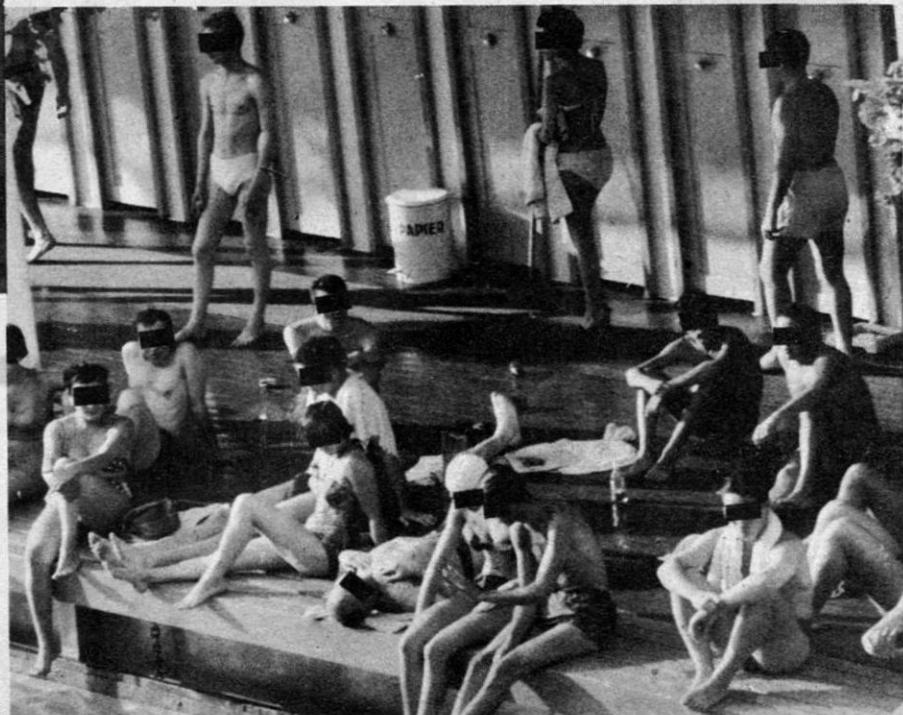
Perhaps, but we do know of one exception to this situation. Not only did an American and a Russian manage to have a good time, but in their own special way they made a significant contribution toward better understanding between East and West.

A small thing, you might say. And while it wasn't on the highest diplomatic level, it was, nonetheless, a beginning. Like the achievement of all worthwhile things, however, there were risks. It might well have turned out disastrously indeed.

It started at a cocktail party following one of the innumerable sessions of a very important disarmament conference. This fellow we'll call Sam Smith was there only because of his wife who was a key member of the American negotiating team.

In contrast to his wife Sam was a ne'er do well. While tensions seethed and the world tottered on the brink he floated around from party to party in search of nothing so much as a good time.

(Continued on page 52)



EXTRA!

FREE CHINA'S COMMANDO



**EXCLUSIVE STORY OF THE SECRET
GUERRILLA-SABOTAGE BATTLE RAGING FROM
MANCHURIA TO THE BORDERS OF INDIA**

SAVAGE WAR AGAINST PEIPING



by **SAM
DUKE**

SHORTLY before four a.m. one morning last June, three weird creatures swam cautiously along the bottom of the Red Chinese port of Whampoa. They had no features, their faces covered with rubber-trimmed masks, and their skins were

black and shiny. Their feet resembled the flippers of some giant bullfrog. This was hardly surprising, for they were anti-Communist frogmen from Formosa on a secret sabotage mission into Red China. With only a few bubbles from the SCUBA tanks marking their underwater path, the raiders swam silently toward their huge military warehouse that was their target.

They reached the loading pier that jutted into the Pearl River from the warehouse, and two of the underwater demolition specialists waited below while their sergeant bobbed to the surface for a quick reconnaissance. Sergeant Feng-Ni glanced around quickly, spotted the Communist sentry drowsing at the end of the dock, and let the tide carry him under the pier. He opened a waterproof plastic



Chinese Nationalist marines, under watchful eye of American instructors, leap out of landing barge in realistic war games.

FREE CHINA'S SAVAGE COMMANDO WAR AGAINST PEIPING

pouch, pulled out a collapsible crossbow and fitted it with a stubby steel-tipped arrow. Then he floated along until he came to a small hole in the dock. He made a noise. The Red sentry walked over to investigate, and when he peered down he died. The arrow caught him right between the eyes.

Sergeant Feng-Ni signalled to the other frogmen that the coast was clear, and a couple of minutes later they were leaving wet footprints on the pier as they headed for the rear of the warehouse. One of the Chiang Kai-shek raiders pointed to another Communist guard, wriggled forward and killed him with an expert toss of his seven inch throwing-knife. While the body of the second Red sentry was still twitching hideously in its final convulsions, the bizarre trio paddled swiftly to the side of the big five story warehouse. As the men in the rubber suits reached the shadows, the sergeant spoke one word.

"Up!" he ordered softly.

His two men locked arms to form a human platform. They were well-trained for this daring attack. A split second later, the Nationalist frogman swung himself up onto them. Sergeant Feng-Ni punched a hole in the second story window, pulled a miniature incendiary grenade from his waterproof pouch and flipped it in with the skill born of long practice. Less than half a minute later, the raiders were again submerged in the filthy garbage-crammed current of the river. With the help of the incoming tide, they paddled steadily upstream towards the sampan waiting for them a mile and a half away.

At seven a.m., a new sentry coming on duty found the corpse with the blade

through its throat. The guard sounded the alarm immediately. Within 20 minutes, a full company of Communist infantry ringed the building. These Reds arrived just as the delayed-action fire bomb erupted inside. When the flames touched off the howitzer shells, the entire warehouse exploded with a tremendous roar. Blast followed blast in the booming nightmare. Shells went off like a string of giant firecrackers, hurling death and fiery wreckage in all directions. Pieces of charred flesh were sprayed across the landscape as 196 Chicom soldiers and 7,300 tons of munitions were destroyed.

By the time Communist counter-espionage squads arrived to seal off the area and sift through the rubble, the hit-and-run raiders were 18 miles up the Pearl River. The Nationalist submarine that had brought them to within striking distance of Whampoa was now far at sea, but the frogmen themselves were making no effort to flee Red retribution. Cool and competent, the rugged raiders were heading inland to prepare for another strike in a fantastic secret war that's been raging these past 10 years. These men were crack combat killers of the strangest and most secret cloak-and-dagger outfit in Asia today—the National Salvation Army.

At this very moment, the N.S.A., Chiang Kai-shek's own potent version of the U.S. Army's versatile Special Forces, is running wild with rip-and-run raids all across Red China. Some 40,000 strong and every man a triple-threat commando-spy-demolition expert, this gutsy guerrilla army is Free China's savage spearhead in today's not-so-Cold War. Realistically organized for modern "unconventional warfare," the N.S.A. blitz-teams are

commanded by Chiang's shrewdest and toughest son—Lt. Gen. Chiang Ching-kuo. His objective is to keep the Communists off-balance until the Nationalist forces can mount a full-scale invasion of the mainland. To shake up the Chicom legions and to inspire the anti-Communist underground, the N.S.A. is bombing and gunning the Reds from the Manchurian frontier to the Tibetan passes in a rock-em sock-em campaign of brilliantly executed raids.

Main base for the hush-hush N.S.A. is a heavily guarded outpost in the Tungyin Islands. Here—only 20 miles across the South China Sea from the enslaved mainland—the Nationalist raiders prepare for their frequent forays into Red territory. All of the N.S.A. commandos are volunteers, and they range in age from 22 to 41. They are drilled into top physical shape for long distance running, forced marching and five mile swims by first class instructors, many of whom learned the ropes (and killing-tricks) of guerrilla combat at the U.S. Special Warfare Center at Fort Bragg, N.C. Before any N.S.A. trooper is sent into action, he must be a crack marksman with all the infantry weapons of both Free China and the opposing Red Army. He must also be a top-notch saboteur, a high speed radio operator and an expert in the arts of silent death. The tricks of killing a sentry with wire garrote, diver's knife, sand-filled sock, rolled up newspaper, judo or karate hand "chop" or kick are basic requirements. In addition, the rugged raiders are taught the basic skills of espionage and psychological warfare by instructors on loan from Maj. Gen. Yeh-hsiang-chu's Military Intelligence Bureau of the Chinese Nationalist Defense Ministry.

The first problem the N.S.A. men face is that of successful infiltration. In plain language, these teams (who go into action in units as small as a lone agent and as big as 160 heavily-armed troops).

Tough, resourceful Gen. Chiang Ching-kuo (eldest son of Chiang Kai-shek), commands the National Salvation Army blitz-teams that are ripping Commies.

国防部總參謀部

文化生根



must penetrate Red China by air or by sea. To meet this challenge, the N.S.A. trains every spy-commando as both a fully qualified paratrooper and an underwater demolitions man. The UDT skills have paid off handsomely in the frequent strikes against Red Chinese ports and shipping in the coastal regions of Fukien and Kwantung, attacks such as the blasting of the gigantic munitions warehouse in Whampoa.

Nationalist China has been slashing at the shores of the Red-dominated mainland for at least a decade, but the N.S.A. has added two important new twists. The assault teams are: (1) not limited to hitting coastal installations only, but range hundreds of miles inland on their sabotage and guerrilla missions and; (2) do not just rip-and-run, but after completing their missions stay deep in Communist areas to build and lead anti-Red irregulars in sustained campaigns of full-scale unconventional combat like that waged by the French *Maquis* and Yugoslav Partisans in WW II. The N.S.A. is turning all the tricks of guerrilla warfare against the Reds, using the same savage tactics that served Fidel Castro in Cuba and the Viet Cong in Indochina. The Chiang guerrillas, who have been in action only three years, are beginning to hit pay-dirt as more and more anti-Red Chinese are joining the ferocious secret crusade against Mao Tse-tung's fanatical Communist brigades.

Since the Red regulars still outnumber them at least 900 to 1, the N.S.A. and its underground allies have been forced to fight with ingenuity and cunning. Deception and cool nerve have played as important roles as sheer military ability in many of the most recent N.S.A. successes. Typical of these operations was the autumn 1963 attack near Meihsien, a blow against a gold processing factory that cost Red China more than \$1,300,000 and made Communist dictator Mao howl with rage. At 11:30 one chilly

evening, the weary sentry guarding the precious metal plant was surprised to hear the sound of an approaching truck. He jumped up, grabbed his 7.62 mm. rifle and stepped out of his shack as a Red Army truck rolled to a stop a few yards away.

"Security patrol from divisional headquarters," the trim-looking captain seated beside the driver called out briskly. "Everything normal, corporal?"

"Absolutely quiet, sir. None of those imperialist guerrillas in this sector," the sentry replied confidently.

"There are a few," the captain corrected as he lifted a long barrelled .32 with a silencer and drilled the guard through the heart.

The N.S.A. officer in the Red Army captain's uniform banged four times on the back of the truck-cab. From the rear of the vehicle, nine other raiders in regulation Chicom infantry uniforms jumped out to race for the factory. They swept through the compound at top speed, charging for the key points on which they had been so thoroughly briefed. One Communist technician heard the sound of the demolition charges being wedged into place. Still half asleep, he stuck his head out the window of his barracks to see

what made the noise. He never woke up fully, for a piano-wire noose ended his curiosity forever. Two minutes later, the assault squad was piling back into the truck. It was half a mile away by the time eight explosions blew the plant into twisted scrap. The gold refining equipment was totally wrecked, and the raiders escaped into the night with more than \$1,000,000 worth of precious ingots that the Chicoms needed for overseas purchases of strategic war material.

During the next three days, more than 2,700 Communist troops swept through the entire area with a comb made of bayonet blades. A full division sealed off the region, and patrol planes criss-crossed the country for 50 miles in all directions. They saw nothing but peasants tilling their rice fields as their ancestors had done since time immemorial. The Reds had no way of knowing that 10 of these sweaty "peasants" were actually N.S.A. commandos who farmed by day, made war by night.

Such is the bizarre nature of the secret war that is raging in 17 different Chinese provinces today. It is a type of combat that makes few headlines, but it is a growing menace that the top Communist leaders take extremely seriously. At an emergency



SPECIALIZING IN GUERRILLA WARFARE TECHNIQUES,

the N.S.A.'s crack commando-demolition teams study the latest behind-the-enemy-lines tactics. After exhaustive training period, which includes the tricky art of picking up raiders by helicopter hoist, these expert combat killers will be turned loose to hit Communist strongpoints on the mainland.

FREE CHINA'S SAVAGE COMMANDO WAR AGAINST PEIPIING

anti-guerrilla meeting in Peiping last year, Party boss Mao told military and political commissars that the N.S.A. was a major threat, especially when so many citizens are already discontented because of food shortages." He called for an "all-out effort to crush these bandits immediately, for incidents such as the raid on Meihsien can serve as the spark that ignites a forest fire of counter-revolutionary uprisings."

Mao was not overstating the menace. In remote areas such as Tibet, N.S.A. instructors have organized guerrilla units of 200 to 300 men to fight the Communist occupation forces. These tribesmen have not forgotten the massacres perpetrated by Chicom armored units and bombers in the brutal conquest of the peaceful and religious "land of the great Llama." With weapons and leaders parachuted in, avenging Tibetan sharpshooters are picking off Chinese sentries and gunning down Red patrols every day. Larger guerrilla units are reported to be stabbing down into the Himalayan valleys from caves in the crags between Giamda and Tapuhsing.

The largest N.S.A. victory in the mountains south of Lhasa, the former capital of Tibet and now headquarters of the Chinese Communist 6th Field Army, resulted from one of the slickest ambushes of recent Far Eastern military history. A Communist convoy of 30 trucks was chugging toward the Indian frontier last summer when it reached the bridge over the Yamdrak River. A dozen vehicles loaded with ammunition were on the span when concealed Tibetan marksmen opened fire from the ridges on both sides of the ravine. Seven drivers were cut down in the first hail of bullets, their heads blasted open by special explosive bullets. A few seconds later, two captured Soviet-made 120 mm. mortars began to lob death into the stalled convoy.

"Radio for reinforcements," a desperate Red Chinese colonel ordered shrilly.

Those were the last words he ever spoke.

A mortar shell hit his truck squarely, blasting it and its explosive cargo. The bridge lurched crazily, swung back and forth like a child's skip-rope and collapsed with a grinding roar. All the trucks on the span tumbled end over end 900 feet down into the gorge. The Communist troops in the other vehicles frantically fired into the mountain mists, trying to fight off the ghostly attackers who seemed to be invisible. The echoes of more exploding trucks boomed through the pass. N.S.A. mortar teams continued to pound the convoy relentlessly, while guerrilla sharpshooters picked off the survivors with grim precision.

By three p.m., only 19 haggard Chicom soldiers were left alive. The noise of the explosions had been heard 37 miles away, however. A full battalion of motorized Communist infantry was on its way to relieve the convoy—exactly as the N.S.A. officers leading the guerrillas expected. When the Red reinforcements entered the Blue Mountain Gorge a bare mile from the trapped survivors, Chiang's waiting guerrillas struck again. They set off 70 sticks of dynamite across the ridge, using the mountain itself as their crushing weapon.

The avalanche began slowly. At first, only a few tons of rock started down the

slope. Within half a minute, half the mountainside was dislodged. Scores of screaming Red infantry started to leap from their trucks in panic, but there was no place to hide. With a deafening grinding roar, the gigantic granite first smashed down into the valley like the warclub of some ancient god. More than 30,000 tons of rock crushed the Communist battalion, burying some 600 soldiers and 21 trucks forever. The granite piled up so high that the Reds never even tried to dig the pulverized corpses out, and later a new road was built right over their buried, mangled bodies. According to latest reports trickling out of Tibet to northern India, that route is used only by day. N.S.A. ambushers are too numerous to permit the strongest Communist convoys to try it by night.

At the other end of Mao's empire on the northern frontier, the spy-commandos have been working with an extraordinary anti-Red outfit that must be seen to be believed. Everything about it—except the Communist corpses that it has littered across Manchuria—looks like something straight out of the comic strip *Terry and the Pirates*. For one thing, it is a 1,000 man cavalry force. Not only is this one of the few cavalry units left on earth, but the C.O. of this fantastic Mongol outfit has been described by American and British reporters who interviewed Red Chinese defectors as "a beautiful Moslem princess." One report by a reputable U.S. journalist says that this lovely but lethal lady is "a direct descendant of Ghenghis Khan." Shapely but also a crack shot, this modern "Dragon Lady" has been raiding Communist outposts and installations for more than three years. She uses a team of N.S.A. bazooka specialists as her light artillery. The rocket men from Formosa were parachuted into Manchuria in 1961, and have been extremely effective

in knocking out Red tanks and armored cars. They also taught the fur-hatted princess to move and attack only at night, thereby making her 1964 "Golden Horde" much less vulnerable to Chicom aircraft.

According to word reaching the Portuguese outpost of Macao last month, the most recent blow struck by the Moslem horsemen wiped out a Communist infantry company of the 104th Division at the Red base near Heilun. Six N.S.A. bazooka aces punched holes in the heavy walls of the well-defended base. It was a pre-dawn raid, and the sounds of the rockets exploding were the first warning of the surprise attack. As the sleepy-eyed Communist infantry lurched from their beds, the baby-faced princess raised her gleaming saber only 400 yards away.

"Death to the infidels!" she screamed to her massed horsemen. "No prisoners and no quarter! CHARGE!"

The Mongol riders howled their ancient war cry, raised their orange battle flags and thundered down through the gaps in the wall. With flashing sabers and blasting submachine guns, they cut down the Red infantry by the dozen. The princess personally led the charge, coolly picking off Communist officers with her long-barreled parabellum Luger. Almost 250 Red troops perished in the ferocious assault. Just as important, the guerrillas got away with many weapons, much badly needed ammunition and a month's supply of food.

N.S.A. commandos have also been leading other Moslem forces into action against the Reds in north China, where there is a good deal of resentment as a result of the Communist persecution of all religious groups. The atheistic Reds have been particularly hostile to the pious followers of Islam, so the latter have welcomed the help of Free China's airborne spy-guerrillas. Since late 1961, N.S.A.



Rip-and-run attacks by Free China's guerrillas range from paratroopers who jump into the interior on sabotage missions (above), to the cunning use of "Q-junks," an innocent-looking coastal fishing boat that gets close to Red patrol craft before dropping its disguise and revealing a heavily-armed raider (right) that can blast anything up to a destroyer out of the water.



Reminiscent of World War II Flying Tigers, alerted Chinese Nationalist pilots race to their "tiger-toothed" jets after getting word to provide air cover for large assault team crossing the Straits of Formosa for a strike on Red coastline.

jump teams have been equipping and leading several religious bands in the region above The Great Wall. Among these are the crusading "Islamic Revenge League" in Hopei. Communist radio broadcasts have admitted that some 350 members of that group raided a Red artillery school near Wulang, and inflicted heavy casualties while destroying 17 field pieces. In Kwangsi, Chiang's commandos have been helping to rebuild the combat forces of Tung tribesmen after those angry nomads lost most of their leaders in a trap laid by a Communist double-agent. The Tung riflemen are almost completely rearmed with rapid-firing carbines, and have returned to the offensive. The North American Newspaper Alliance has also confirmed that "the Buddhist underground organization *San Ho Fui* (Three Buddha Association) is active in Hupeh." Not far away in chilly Sinkiang, more than a score of the most hated Communist Party bureaucrats were picked off by stocky

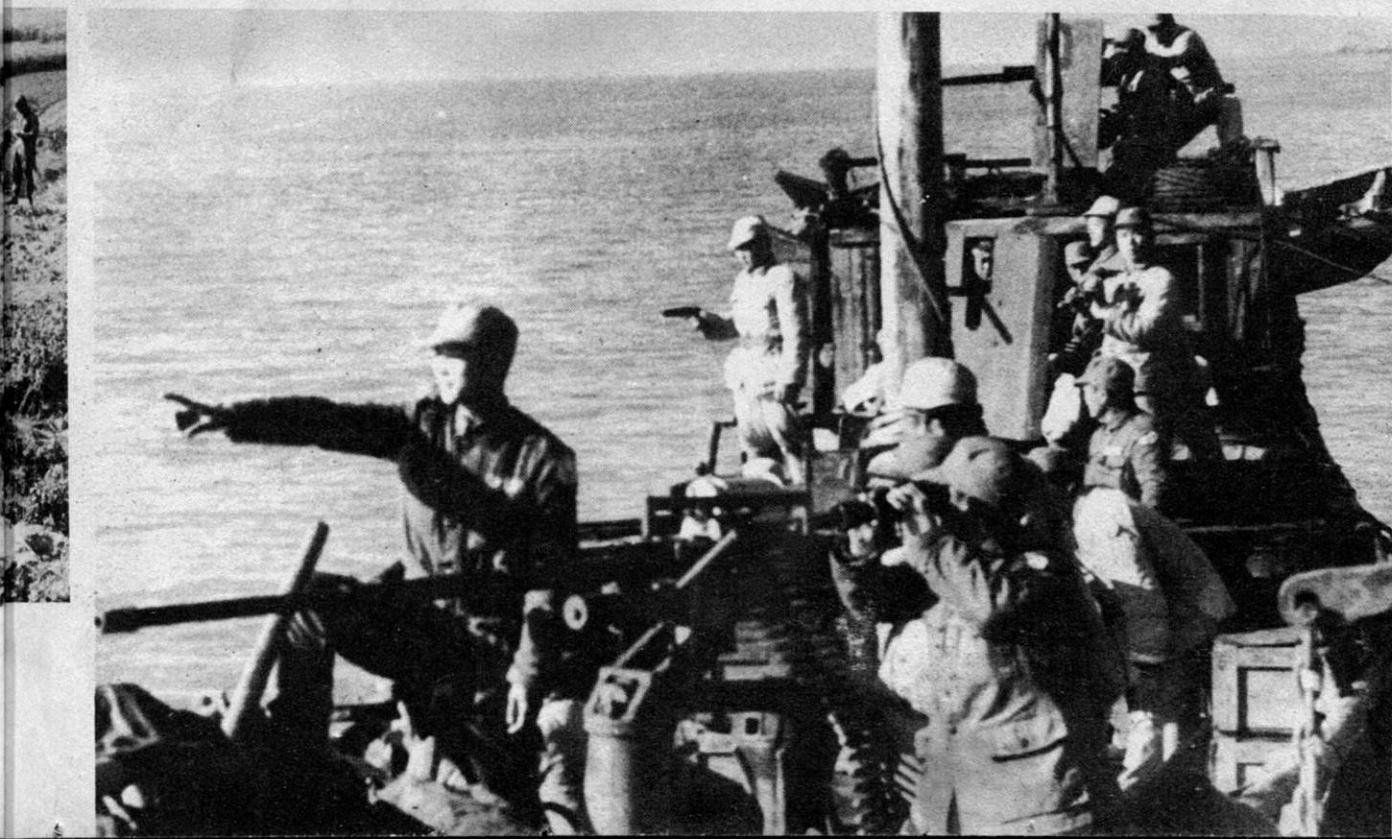
Uighur marksmen in a single month, and a college was closed when a cache of grenades was discovered hidden in the main dormitory. One N.S.A. agent was captured in the massive round-up that followed. He was publicly executed, but the Uighur warriors are still butchering Reds. The tribesmen don't scare that easily, and they are grateful for the assistance from the N.S.A.'s volunteer spy-commandos.

While the Nationalist triple-threat raiders have hurt the Communists plenty by leading local guerrilla outfits all across China, the N.S.A. has also pulled off some remarkable major assaults of its own. Typical of these larger operations was the hush-hush "Full Moon" project of October 1962, which put some 170 commandos ashore on the coast of Kwantung. These heavily armed assault troops hit the beaches from a flotilla of motorized junks disguised as fishing craft. The raiders split into three "battle teams," fanned out swiftly to batter the Reds mercilessly in the

11 weeks that followed. They seemed to hit everywhere, creating a panic in the baffled Red Chinese defense forces. The commandos blitzed four ammunition dumps, blew up three radar stations, planted mines that smashed 28 Communist armored vehicles, wrecked two troop trains and even shot down a low-flying Red reconnaissance plane searching for them in the hills near Kaoyao. Stunned and hysterical, the hurting Communists threw an estimated 100,000 troops into a desperate drive to hunt the raiders down. With the help of the local underground and sympathetic farmers, the elusive N.S.A. commandos managed to hit and run repeatedly before Red security forces could snap their elaborate traps.

The amount of damage inflicted by these rugged guerrillas startled even their own superiors back in Free China's military headquarters on Formosa. The Central China News Agency has disclosed

(Continued on page 61)



THE FISH TANK

1

divena



1 Most unusual act in show-business today is stripping under water, a novel piece of portable theatre conceived by Charles Rayburn of Hollywood who owns Divena, Inc. Girl starts completely garbed in expensive gown.

2 One of the most important men behind the scenes, the tank "stage-hand" who always travels with the act, checks the water constantly between shows — making sure the temperature is just right for the aquapeelers.

PEELERS

2



3



4



3 Mastering the very difficult art of sitting on the bottom of the four by six foot tank, and remembering to smile without the trace of bubbles, the stripper then proceeds to doff the next piece of clothing with a flair.

4 Remembering the old stripper motto to stretch the act out and please the paying customers, the gal goes top-side for a quick breath of air and then gracefully slips under to glide past huge plate window in full review.

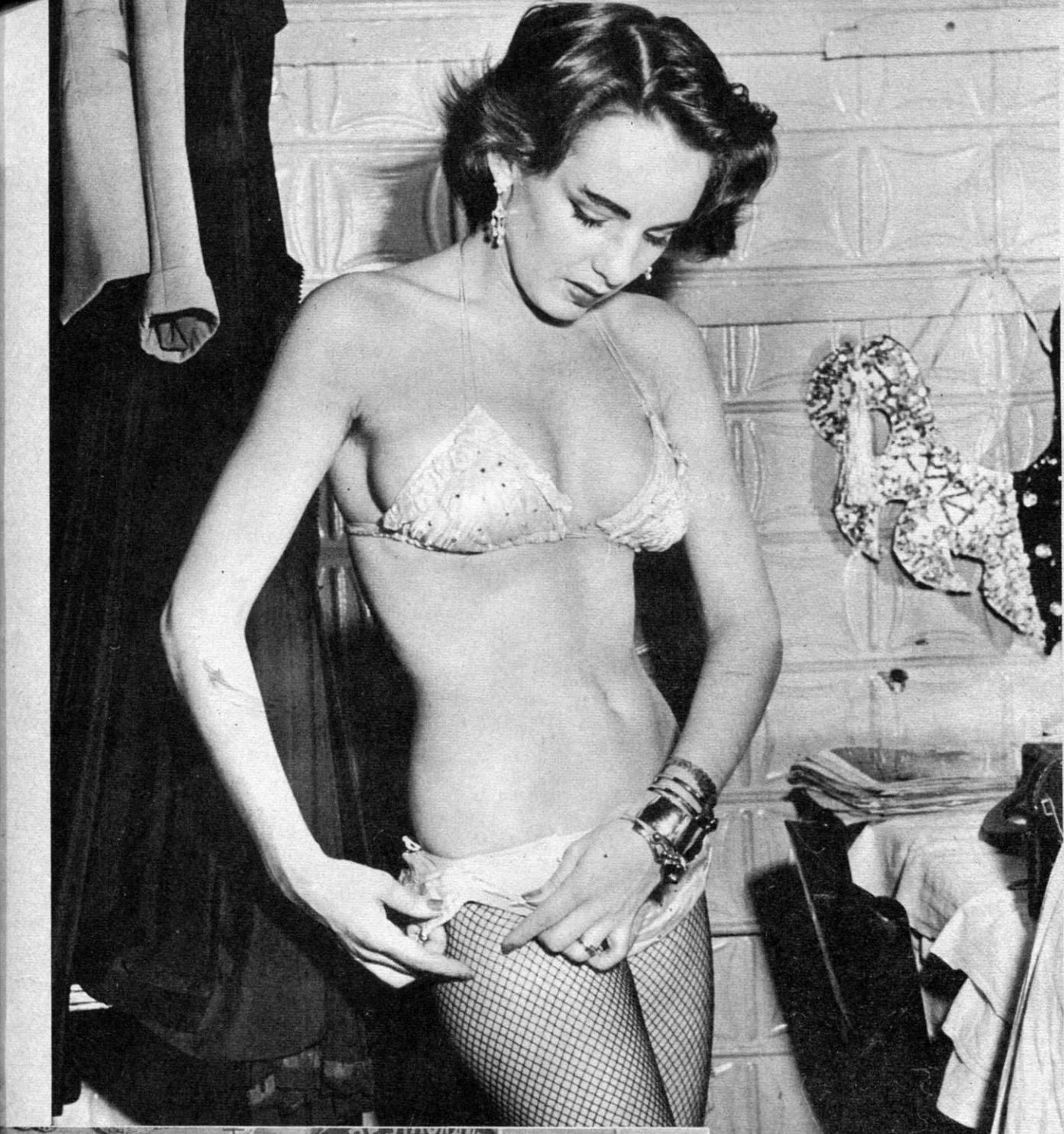
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THE FISH TANK PEELERS



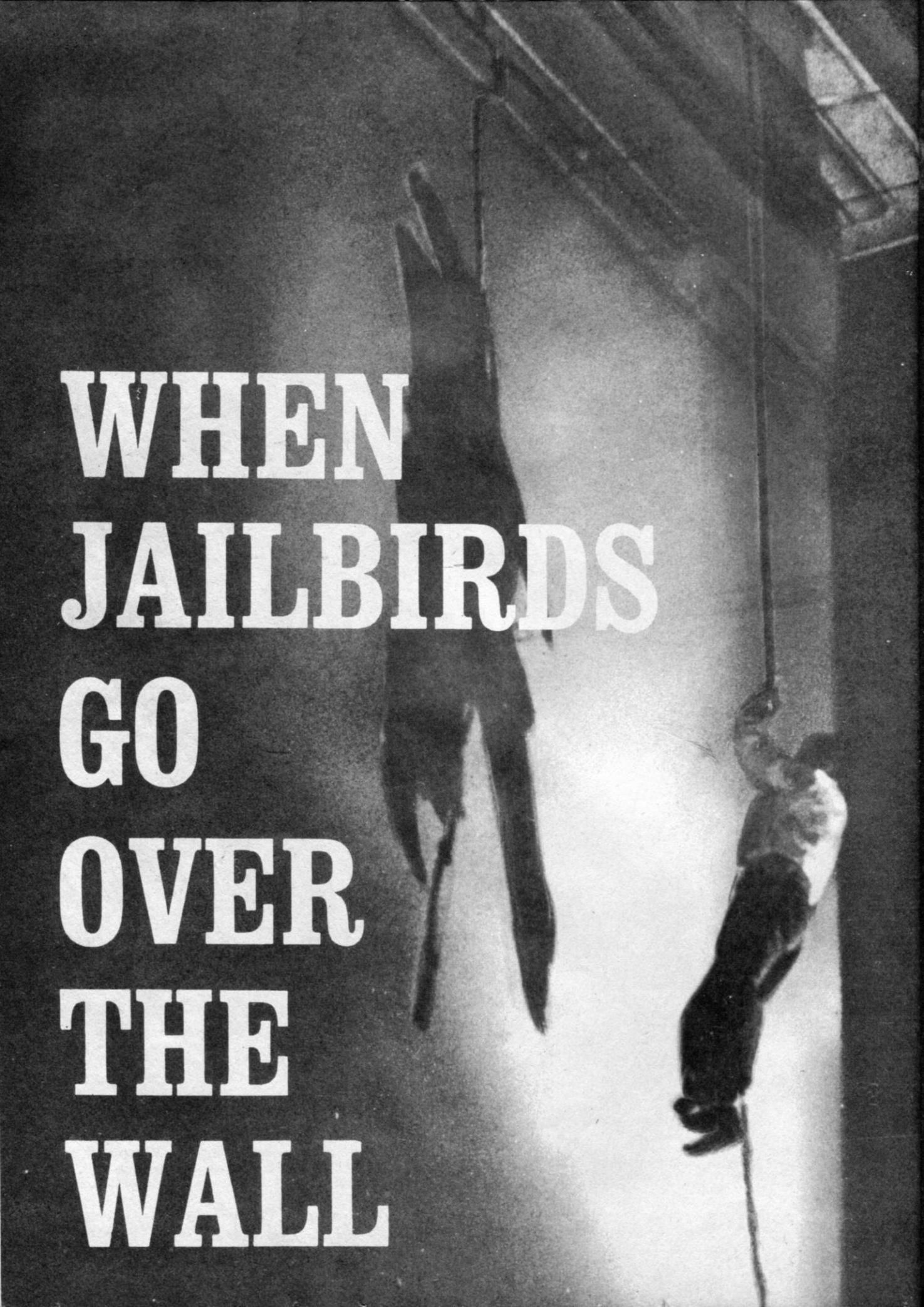
Nanette Parker (who bears a striking resemblance to movie star Ann Blyth), is one of Charles Rayburn's top performers. These aquatic strip-teasers earn about \$175 a week and are salaried employees of Divena, Inc. Rayburn, who started not too long ago with only one girl, one tank, and one helper, today has six underwater strippers traveling around the country — and has plans to expand his operation to Europe and the Far East. The act is the same all over, however, and the girls work extremely hard at their jobs.





Making sure her costume is correctly hooked to guarantee easy shedding, Nanette gets into her gown early so that she can relax a little while before showtime. After the act (on opposite page), she sits on the edge of tank a few minutes to catch her breath before putting on a terry robe and going out front for a curtain call and applause. The act, which can make anywhere from \$500 to \$1,000 a week (depending on the city or the spot in which it is shown), is booked solidly for the next year and the trucks used to transport tanks and girls is always waiting.

**WHEN
JAILBIRDS
GO
OVER
THE
WALL**



Stir-happy cons have used everything from dental floss to can openers to bust out—and there isn't a jail in the country that can boast of being escape-proof.

FRRED Tredwell, charged with burglary, was confined in the Lyon County Jail at Emporia, Kans. He dreaded facing the judge, and his gloomy surroundings depressed him even more. He decided to do something about it.

All Tredwell had, however, was a bar of soap, a basin of water, and the clothes on his back. But he also possessed the qualities of ingenuity, resourcefulness and patience.

He unravelled his homemade socks and wound the yarn into sturdy cords. Using a little water, he covered the strands with soap. While the cords were still damp, he rolled them in particles of concrete and sand scraped from the cell walls and floor and ground into powder with his shoes.

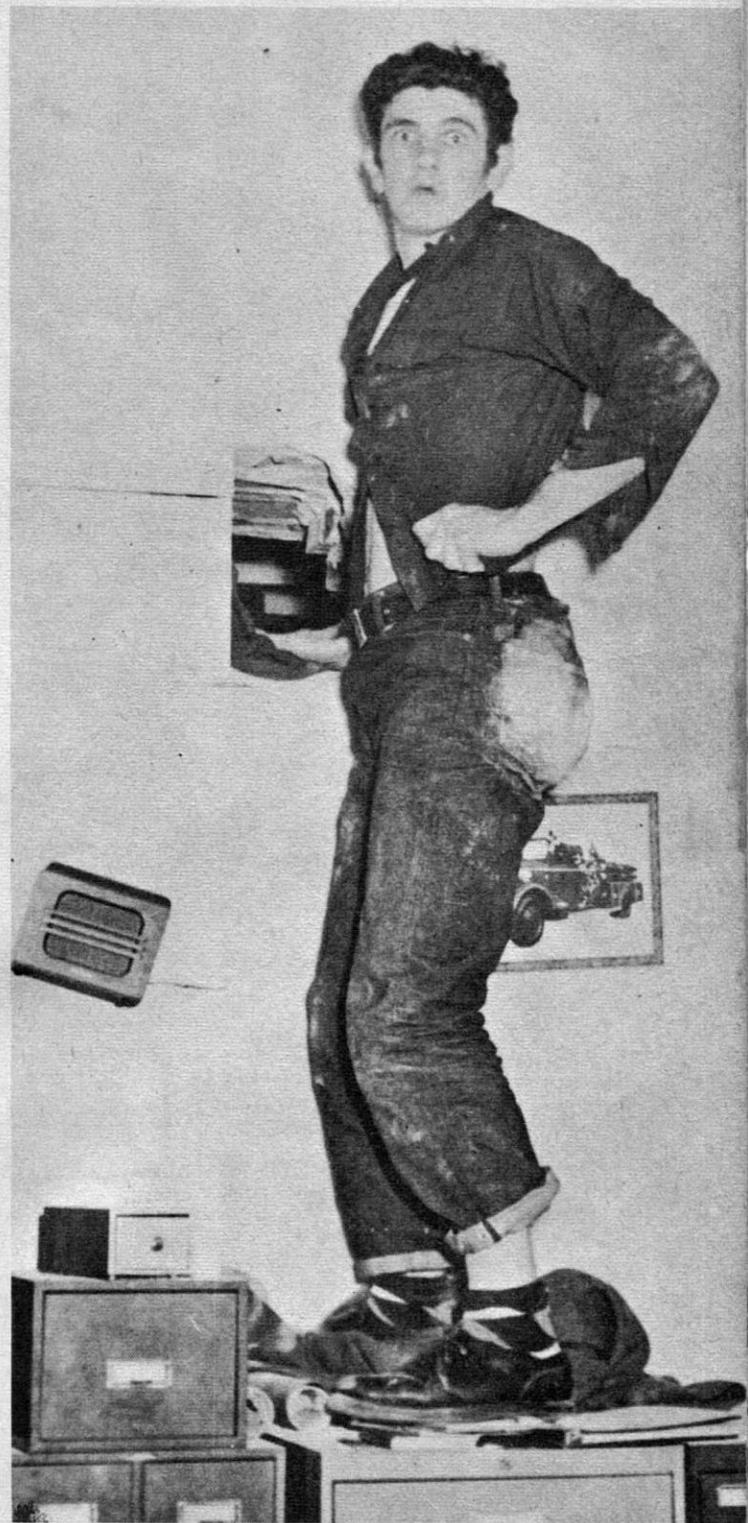
Hour after hour, he pulled the cords back and forth across two bars on his cell window. After two months he had cut into the bars at top and bottom deeply enough to break them and squeeze through the opening to freedom.

Despite his labor, he was apprehended a few days later. When he told his guards how he had escaped, they didn't believe him. He offered to prove his story. Watched by a guard, he succeeded in sawing through another bar with his socks in 21 hours.

Tredwell's feat is only one of the many clever methods used by escaping prisoners. Fidgety felons with ingenuity and imagination have flown their coops with the aid of dental floss, needles, chewing gum, garbage cans, soap suds, packing cases, railroad engines, pornographic books, potato peelers and fish skinners.

The nation's prisons, jails and reformatories have about 300,000 resentful guests. Thousands of these prisoners believe with Richard Lovelace, the English poet, that "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." They spend most of their time plotting ways and means of "going over the wall."

Depending on their mode of thinking, these methods range from simple brute force to the clever use of the principles of camouflage or psychology. Despite all the "escape-proof" construction and devices of modern penology, there is not a prison with a perfect record of being impregnable.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF CRASHING OUT

of his cell in the county prison at Salem, Oregon, 19-year old George Butler was photographed in this darkened City Hall office immediately after supposedly chopping his hole to freedom. Another cell was made available instantly.



Trapped halfway through the bars in a Lexington, Ky., jail, Ravenna Smallwood waited almost two hours before the guards cut him loose with a torch.

A prisoner's personality—his individual reactions to situations—sometimes plays a part in escapes.

Thus, a felon in jail in Chicago took advantage of mankind's inherent modesty. While taking a bath in the jail hospital, he told his guard that he needed more towels. While the guard went for the towels, the prisoner, clad only in his soap suds but dragging a pair of trousers, climbed out a window and made what can honestly be called a "clean getaway."

On the other hand, a man in Leicester Prison in England succeeded in escaping, but shortly later he applied at the gates for admittance. The embarrassed prisoner told the guards that he had split his trousers while climbing over the wall.

Sneaking out of stir frequently involves taking advantage of transient situations.

A bank robber in an Arkansas jail heard that a group of ministers and church workers was coming to discuss the advantages of the straight and narrow. He also heard that the prisoners would be taken from their cells to the bullpen to listen to the prayers and hymns and to talk to their visitors.

The robber quietly put on civilian clothes under his convict uniform. At

WHEN JAILBIRDS GO OVER THE WALL

an appropriate moment during the service he went to a nearby cell, discarded his outer garments, then merged with the visitors.

As the group walked out of the jail, the ex-prisoner added his voice to the singing of the gospel hymn, "In the Sweet Bye and Bye . . ."

Walking right out the front door is an intelligent, relatively safe means of gaining forbidden freedom. Its success is guaranteed to create an atmosphere of gloom in the offices of wardens and turnkeys.

At an island prison in the East, a convict succeeded in obtaining a suit and a brief case. He marched out through the gates with a group of attorneys who had been visiting their clients. On the ferry back to the mainland, he enjoyed discussing the trials and tribulations of criminal law practice with his temporary colleagues.

Convict Bill Sharkey was a female impersonator. Confined in New York's Tombs Prison, he donned feminine apparel and left the gloomy walls with women who had been seeing their loved ones during visiting hours.

Some prisoners are virtual Houdinis. In South Dakota there is an Indian who believes in living up to his name. Adam-Make-Room has made room for other prisoners five times in fleeing from jails.

Conventional methods of escape include the securing of weapons, the sawing of bars, and climbing over or tunneling under the walls.

Weapons are constantly being made in prisons out of all kinds of objects and materials. They are confiscated during frequent shakedowns of cell blocks.

Knives are made from door hinges filed to a razor edge, sharpened stones and pieces of iron and zinc.

Blackjacks are made from lumps of tinfoil saved from tobacco wrappers or stones tied in old socks; daggers are made from broomsticks. Window sash weights are excellent clubs. Ladders are made from pieces of leather or old carpets.

Fake guns whittled out of wood or carved out of soap and covered with tinfoil have been used in successful escapes.

Wooden guns were used in the escape of seven men from the Leavenworth Penitentiary (Kansas). They seized a railroad engine which was switching freight cars in the yard by threatening the engineer and fireman, smashed the locomotive through the gates and raced into open country followed by a hail of bullets.

All the fugitives were captured within a few days. The ringleader was brought back by a 15-year-old boy armed with a rifle who had found the convict hiding in a haystack. After the capture the boy revealed that his gun wasn't loaded. A convict, like anyone else, can be frightened by an unloaded gun.

Mechanical ingenuity has converted many odd objects into saws. Jack Oppenheimer, the infamous "Human Hyena," made a saw out of a two-inch

needle. With this tool he was able to cut through an iron cell door at Folsom Prison.

Willie Sutton, imprisoned at Sing Sing, used a makeshift saw on the bars of his cell for six months, filling in the holes with darkened chewing gum. He also made a key for the messhall door lock, using gum to take an impression.

One rainy night Willie broke through the bars, unlocked the messhall door and tied two nine-foot ladders together end to end. When he went over the 20-foot wall, the searchlights failed to pick him up in the heavy downpour.

Another New York State prisoner used his head — literally — in preparing for his getaway. A talented sculptor, he was permitted to receive shipments of clay which he used in creating the head and bust of his favorite guard. The shipments concealed parts for a hacksaw. When the saw was assembled, he hid it in the back of the bust. Each night he sawed on the bars, concealing the filed sections with brown soap from the prison laundry.

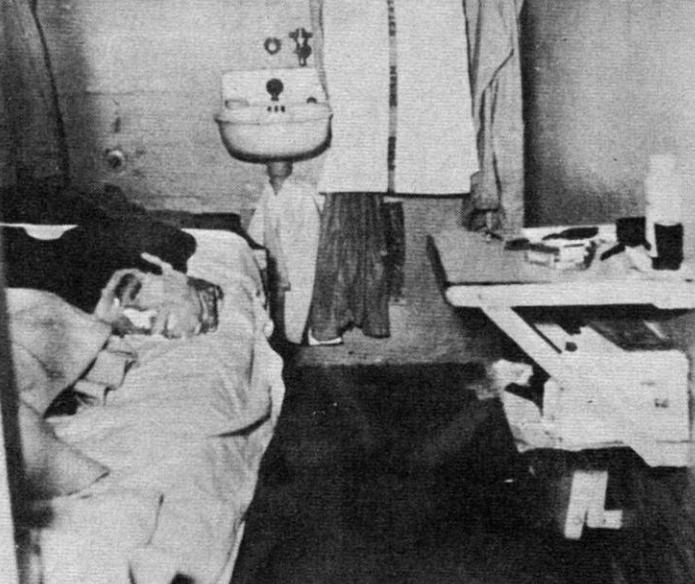
Finally, one night, he broke out of his cell and reached freedom through a sewage tunnel. A month later he foolishly started a fight in a restaurant and was recognized by the policemen who were called to stop the disturbance. Back to prison he went, with seven years added to his original sentence.

Today, the bars in most modern prisons are practically tool-proof. Many city and county jails, however, still have bars made years ago that can easily be cut with hacksaws or spread apart with leverage or improvised screw-type jacks.

When the bars are strong, prisoners sometimes take the temper out by wrapping pieces of yarn, soaked in alcohol or gasoline, around the bars and setting fire to the yarn. Enough of this treatment will take the temper out of the toughest bars so that they can be sawed with comparative ease.

In prisons where frequent checks of the cells are made, it is important for fleeing felons to gain time. This has resulted in the creation of some very clever dummies.





Most famous escape in last few years took place on June 12, 1962, when Frank L. Morris, and the Anglin brothers, John and Clarence, broke out of famed Alcatraz Prison. Men used sharpened spoon handles to tunnel to freedom, and to gain precious time during the final breakout, left dummies with moulded plaster faces (left) in their cells to fool guards.

One prisoner fashioned a plaster mask that was a startling likeness of himself, topping it off with actual hair taken from the prison barber shop. While this mask projecting from under a blanket in his cell bunk temporarily deceived the guards, he made an unsuccessful attempt to escape by crawling through an underground drainage pipe.

An inmate at Folsom devised a dummy that not only resembled him, but was rigged to raise its arm for the cell count while the prisoner was on his way out.

Time is the consideration in delayed escapes. Realizing that the search for fugitives is intense for several days in the prison's vicinity, some convicts conceal themselves *within* the prison hoping to get away after the excitement following their disappearance dies down.

This was the plan of a convict in a Southern prison who was employed in work around the warden's home. One afternoon, when the warden and his family were absent, he secreted himself, in a storage closet in the house, taking with him a supply of food and water.

After directing a futile search for two days, the warden noticed his black cat meowing and sniffing around the edges of the closet door. He opened the door and there was the prisoner eating a can of salmon.

Finally, there is the problem of the

outer walls, which are usually 25 or 30 feet high.

The most common device for going over the walls is a three-pronged hook. Attached to a rope, it is thrown over the wall and when it snags the escapee climbs up and drops over.

Joseph F. Fishman, former inspector of federal prisons, tells of an ingenious device conceived by a prisoner named Osborne. It was to serve a dual purpose: enable Osborne to reach a skylight 20 feet above the cellblock floor and enable him to go over the wall. The prisoner had concealed it by strapping it to his leg under his trousers.

"The contrivance," Fishman reports, "was made of heavy thongs of leather, stolen piece by piece from the shoe shop, and fitted together exactly like a carpenter's rule. Closed, it was about a foot and a half long. Open, it was about 20 feet. There was a ring fastened to each section and through this ran a rope with which the contrivance could be pulled rigid, so that it was in reality a leather pole.

"Attached to one end was a large hook. Osborne groped around in the dark until he had fastened the hook on a corner of the skylight door and then began to climb. But the pole broke and he fell with a crash which awakened everyone in the place."

Guards who come into contact with prisoners seldom are armed. This is because the prisoners, who are numerically superior, could seize the guard, take his gun and then hold him as a hostage. Guards assigned to the walls are, of course, armed.

In one institution the gun gallery was 50 feet from the nearest point where prisoner's were allowed. However, it was necessary to install a steel lattice work around the gallery when officials learned that several prisoners, who had been cowboys, were plotting to lasso the guard, pull him off the wall, seize his gun and escape.

Rainy nights are usually chosen by prisoners for going over the wall without detection.

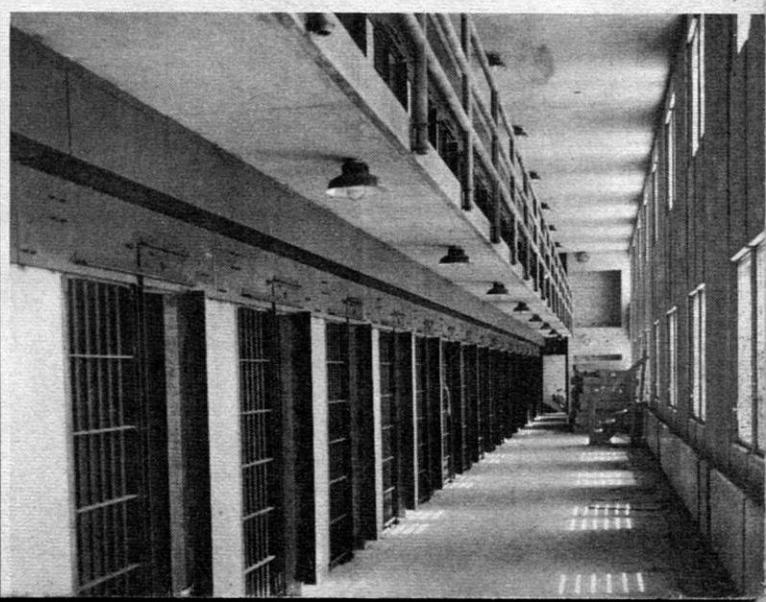
At Stateville Prison, Ill., three convicts solved the wall problem by locating the power line feeding current to the lights directed on the walls. After shorting the current, they scaled the wall under cover of darkness.

At another Midwest prison, a con with access to the stored medical supplies, made an escape ladder out of dental floss. Compact enough to be rolled up in one hand, it was long enough to reach the top of the wall and strong enough to support a 200-pound man.

(Continued on page 50)

LATEST WORD IN ESCAPE-PROOF

penitentiaries is the federal government's brand new \$10 million maximum security prison being completed at Marion, Ill. Featuring the most modern mechanical and electronic devices it has been built to house the most dangerous prisoners now behind bars. But how long do you think its escape-proof reputation will last?



A BACHELOR'S MANUAL ON THE SUBTLE ART OF PICKING A PLAYMATE

by CONCH EVERARD

THE happy bachelor's persisting problem is how to relish the romp, yet flee the fallout, of the Mating Game—to enjoy *tendresse* and avoid distress. In short, to roam the broad blissful fields of *amour* without having it lead inevitably to the narrow confines of matrimony.

There are more females than males almost everywhere, and in most American cities the girls bounteously outnumber the men. When you subtract the *frail* males from the competition, it becomes obvious that the virile bachelor is so rare, he's the darling of the statistics—and the ladies.

Thus, almost any man interested in girls in general, can find many girls specifically interested in him. This has its penalties, of course—it makes each girl more predatory, more skillful in snaring the careless male—so beware!

With all this femininity seeking the joy of companionship, the man is obviously in a position to pick and choose, and he's nothing but an easy mark if he lets himself be hooked into permanent wedded life, unless he wants the girl with his whole soul.

An intelligent girl is a must—she is usually the most passionate . . .



Beware of the girl who lives in a hotel for women. She may be avoiding men for the sake of her career.

Discrimination is the watchword, then. Selection is absolutely necessary, and this requires fast footwork to avoid the merely acceptable girl who's doing her damndest to tie you down. For fun and frolic, for happy companionship—and for insurance against an unhappy "ever after" if she manages to marry you—what kind of girl to seek?

Assuming you're an intelligent fellow (or you wouldn't be reading this), the first requirement in the girl is intelligence. This has many happy by-products. An intelligent girl is not going to foul up your life or hers with any of the many stupidities that turn up so frequently in the tabloid accounts of love's misfortunes.

She will also be reliable with liquor, reasonable about your expenditures, and she may even be punctual for dates, although this is expecting a great deal of even an intelligent girl. The bright girl has one other advantage excelling all others—she is usually the most passionate kind when the time comes for such a display. Even though she may take her time getting to that point (and force you to do likewise), it's more than worth the wait.

Should you seek a beauty? Of course! Brains and beauty are more often combined than not. Since there are all kinds of girls available, why not pick one you're proud to be seen with? Also, keeping the *end* of the affair prudently in mind, breaking off with a sought-after beauty simply makes her available to other eager men, whereas ending relations with an unpopular girl might fill you with remorse as you doom her to spinsterhood.

Given beauty and brains, the girl who has her own apartment is vastly to be preferred over the one living with parents. She has declared her independence, she has no need to consult anyone if she stays out late (or all night), and if you should be in a particularly loving mood when you take her home, it's awfully nice that no one else is around.



The girl who shares an apartment with a room-mate or two is usually less independent, and perhaps afraid of just such events as you have in mind. On the other hand, she may be tied to a room-mate only because of a low salary.

Beware of the girl who lives in a hotel for women. She may be avoiding men for the sake of her career, she may have parents who watch her carefully and insist she live there, or she may care just a bit more for girls than for boys, in which case you wouldn't be interested anyway.

How about married gals? The moral and legal problems are entirely in your own lap, but it must be noted for your information that the married woman interested in adventure with a man usually has but little time for the romantic frills desired by the unattached girl.

With only a few hours stolen from the beauty parlor, shopping, the P. T. A., or a dental appointment, she comes quickly to the meat of the meeting. Besides, it's usually so long between dates that she is all keyed up and ready for action the moment she sees her lover.

For a busy man, this has obvious advantages. It can also be much less expensive than squiring a single girl about, since the married one may fear to be seen in public with her lover.

Avoid the obviously hungry-for-love girl who might attach herself to you like a vine and never let go. They're too easy to get close to, and too hard to get away from.

Where do you find all these beautiful bright babes? *Not* in a bar. *Not* in your own backyard, or your office, or the apartment next door or the house down the street. Being near one another is pleasant as long as all goes well, but you don't want to have to give up your apartment or your job because of a change in your love life. And if you should just happen to be married yourself, stay polite and distant with your wife's girl friends.

Where, then? Choosing the right hunting ground helps to choose the type of girls available. Pre-selection works for you if you find a girl you like on a trans-



continental airplane or an ocean-crossing ship, in a Pullman car, at a good beach or country club, or in an expensive resort. Be careful of the resort, though. Girls with marriage in mind flock to the resorts in such numbers that managers let men in for half price, just to get enough males to keep the girls coming. The resort is a favorite hunting preserve in the Mating Game.

A college library is a good place to find youth, beauty, and brains in one charming package—but be careful she's not too youthful.

Spend a month in Europe, and you'll run across hundreds of cultured American dolls, alone or in pairs. It won't be too difficult to find a few from your own town.

You might find an ideal playgirl in an office where you have no serious business—nothing that could be loused-up by a soured sweetheart. You might even invest \$50 to attend a charity ball or horse show, in order to find a girl of quality. In this case, however, be sure she's not the type who frequently appears in the newspapers, or you might find your activities more publicized than you desire.

Is a girl in politics a good choice? It depends on the season. Just before a national election (and some local ones), many a hot chick hops on the bandwagon, but at other times you may encounter the one who's too full of social consciousness and might be lacking in other departments. She may have sublimated all her emotions into sociology, and perhaps she's ready to unsublimate into a gooey mess all over you.

What age range is best? It's relative, of course. Dr. Kinsey pointed out that if you're an elderly teen-ager of 17 to 19, the best bet in all ways is a 35-year-old woman.

She greatly appreciates your youthful vigor, because she frankly wants it and can help you channel it in ways to make

Decide early on what age is best—like anything between 19 and 39.

you both happy, whereas a young girl often resents (and rightly) an impatient manliness that rides rough-shod over her, leaving her ravaged yet unsatisfied.

At 35, a woman has learned the ropes. She won't blush at a hotel desk when you register, and has enough assurance to go to your apartment if she wants to. She won't babble to all her friends about you. She has the necessary discretion and restraint not to chase you when it's dangerous or inconvenient. Her experience will make up for your lack of it, and her passion is not restrained by fear or ignorance.

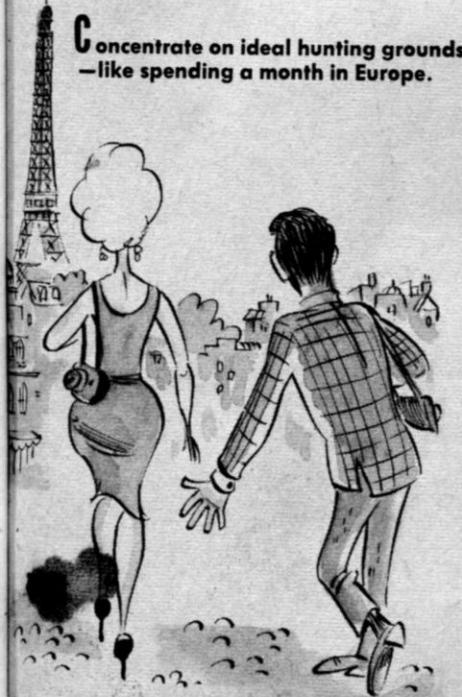
Suppose you are 25. A 35-year-old is still fine, but you've learned enough yourself to be able to manage an affair, so a younger, less learned lady may also be your dish. Over 30 is still to be preferred, though, since such women are almost always more relaxed and ready.

If you're 30, take your pick of the crop, from the Age of Consent (it varies in different states, so be careful!) to 45 or so—some *femmes fatales* at 45 will really curl your hair.

When you've passed 40 yourself, women your own age are much too old for you, and you may find yourself more interested in the Spring Chicken (or Pouter Pigeon). You have to watch out for the inconsistencies, the outbursts, the fanciful femininity of winsome youth. The young dolls have their charms in bountiful array, but dalliance with them is fraught with the perils of unbridled romanticism and strong emotion. She may demand marriage, or pursue you when you're intent on other things. In short, damn the sweet young thing, she takes you *seriously*.

Where to engage in amorous frolic? There would be 10 times as much lovemaking as there is, if this question were more easily answered. Your house, if you live alone in it; her house, if she lives alone in it. Often there's a pox on both your houses, however. A motel or hotel

(Continued on page 72)



Concentrate on ideal hunting grounds—like spending a month in Europe.



Enter the imbibing stage with caution—remembering the easy-conquest chart.

SEX BY MAIL

SHOCKING REPORT ON THE PORNOGRAPHY- POSTAL RACKET

by JOSEPH R.
ROSENBERGER

THE young high school boy looked at the photograph in his trembling hand, and his eyes bulged as he nudged his companion. "Gosh!" he whispered, "look at *that!*" His friend stared at the picture, which showed a completely nude woman in an erotically suggestive pose. "Gee, wait until the gang sees *this!*"

Ten minutes earlier one of the boys had bought the picture for 50 cents from a candy store owner in the neighborhood, a man who used his small store as a front for his other, more lucrative operation, which is the lowest and filthiest racket in the world, a vile business about which the general public hears little; yet a constant and growing cancer that is slowly undermining the moral fabric of our society—with children as well as adults.

We are speaking of the *smut* or *pornography* racket, the business of selling the distortions or perversions of sex—in photographs, books, films, novelty items and the like.

Recently this writer was in Chicago, Ill.—one of the largest sources of pornography in the United States—and through confidential sources was able to learn how this multi-million dollar, nationwide racket works, how the operators manage to outwit and out-maneuver federal as well as state authorities seeking to destroy this foul element in our society.

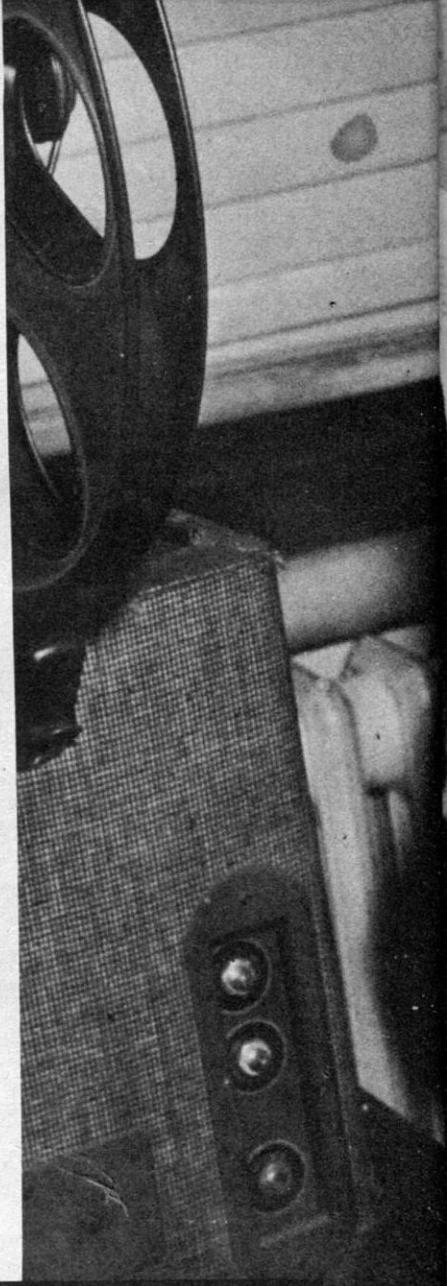


Smut racketeers' most profitable product are the stag films, often featuring as many as four, six, and sometimes even eight "performers." Black and white movies (such as *reels on desk at right*) are sold for anywhere between \$45 to \$65.

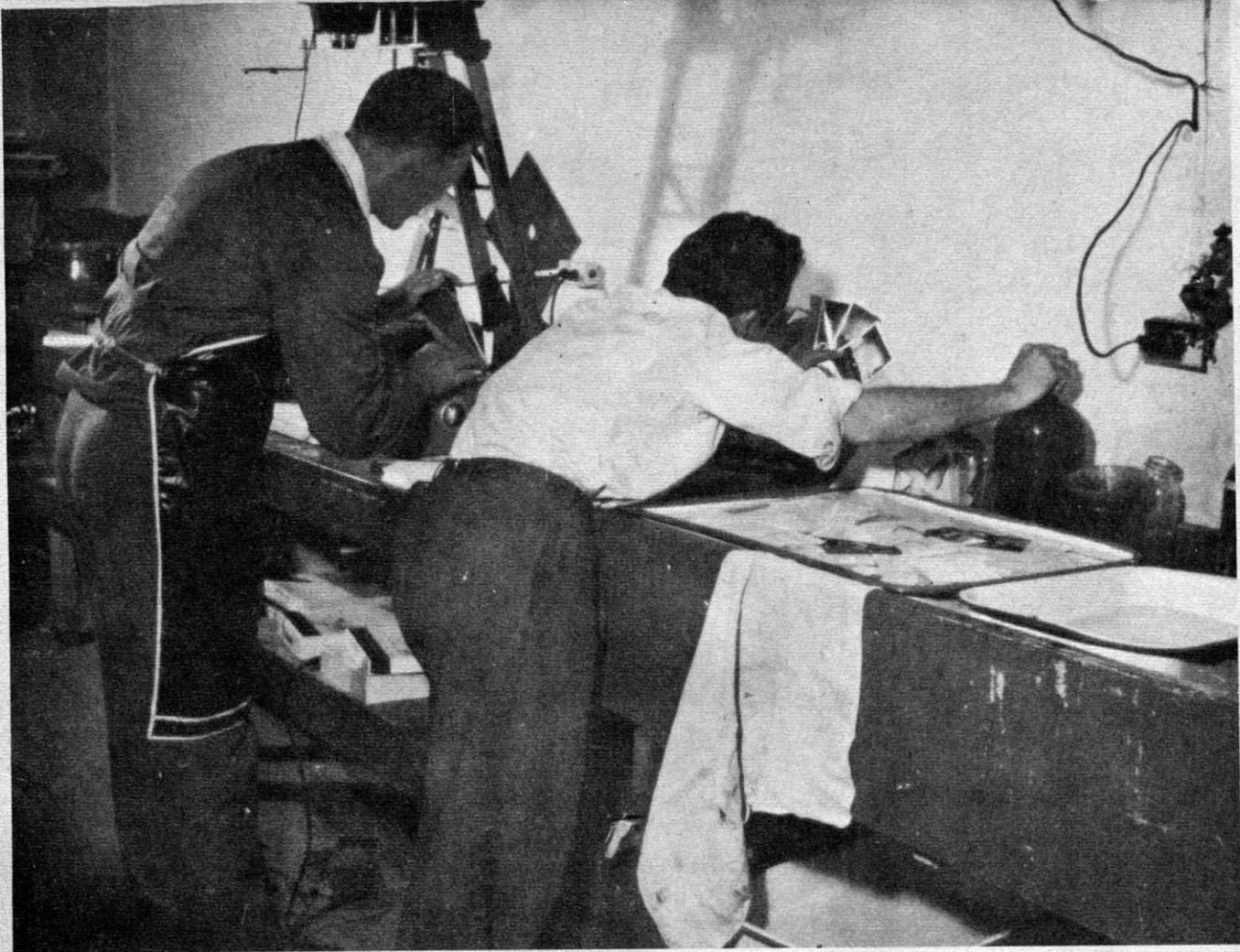
These racketeers respect the law, but certainly do not fear it.

One of the key men in this racket told me: "We could use a writer like you in our 'book department'—say at \$300 a week. What say?"

After declining Mr. Vitale's offer (and "Vitale" is not his real name, for very obvious reasons) and explaining that I was only seeking material for *MAN'S ILLUSTRATED*, I hastily reassured him that







Evidence that the smut-industry is controlled by the Mafia is the fact that printing and processing is decentralized.

SEX BY MAIL

his information would remain strictly confidential. Mr. Vitale laughed. "Write anything you want," he said smugly. "You won't hurt me or any of the other boys. Hell, the Feds (federal agents, mostly postal inspectors) know who we are and what we're doing, but we're safe, as long as they can't get any evidence to present in court. So what do you want to know?"

Vitale talked volubly and I was astonished to find that Mr. and Mrs. Average American haven't the least idea as to the enormity of this lewd racket, are completely unaware that here is a *70-million dollar a year business!*

Few persons are aware that daily hundreds of thousands of pieces of obscene material passes through the U.S. mail. And this is only a part of the huge racket! Huge trucks are also used to transport this material, as well as planes and boats. The use of the mails in this respect can be compared to an iceberg, with only a small portion showing above the muddy and stinking waters of sex-thrills-for-sale.

Former Postmaster General Sommerfield has said that the bulk of obscene material is delivered through the mails. This is certainly true of the small operator, but it is certainly not the case with the Big Boys who, taking no chances, have a very healthy respect for the postal authorities and, consequently, take great

pains to transport their lewd material by means other than the mail. They do use the mails—true—but the bulk of their money is made through personal contact sales.

What is smut? How is it made, how advertised and distributed? Who buys it? How does the pornography racket really work, and why can't it be smashed?

First, it must be made crystal clear what smut and/or pornography is. According to postal laws, any photograph or piece of writing is smut if it is "filthy," "lewd," "lascivious," "vile," or "obscene."

Actually a good deal of confusion exists here because *there is no legal workable definition of obscenity!* Obscene to whom? What might offend one group, might be perfectly respectable to another. Standards of judgment are often confused. The courts themselves—both state and federal—have long wandered in a maze of indecision, and in their efforts to apply the concept of "contemporary community standards" have often appeared to be deciding matters of law by reference to the fluctuating barometer of public opinion.

This confusion exists because authorities as well as the public confuse *erotic realism* with that known as *hard-core pornography*. There is a vast difference, not only in purpose but also in technique. *Erotic realism* portrays life as life is, not as we would like to believe it is, while pornography has but one goal: to sexually stimulate.

We wish to make it clear that this article is not concerned with *erotic realism*; we are concerned with the very obvious *hard-core filth*, those photographs,

books, films, etc., whose chief aim is sexual arousal on the part of the purchaser, the goal of which is to get him to buy and buy and buy. There is a world of difference between *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and a set of photographs showing the most outrageous sexual perversions. The former is *erotic realism*; the latter is filth.

Who are the men who make a profit of perversion? There is the little man, or "jack-leg" as he is known in the trade, the individual who operates strictly on his own (usually through the mail) and is not part of any organization. While his method of advertising might be the same as that used by the larger operator, he is not as subtle and cautious, and is strictly on his own.

As Mr. Vitale told me: "It's usually this jerk who gets tapped by the P.I. boys [the postal inspectors]. You read about this sap all the time in the papers, of how the Feds have smashed another 'pornography ring.' Hell, I wonder who they think they're kidding?"

We wonder, too, as this type of small operator is almost never involved with the really great bulk of the pornography trade, which involves shipments in trucks and personal contact between "runners" and customers, not only in cities but small towns as well.

The vast bulk of the pornography racket is controlled by the Syndicate, or Combination, or better . . . the *Mafia*, for whom smut is but one of many rackets. And these big shots are seldom apprehended. Part of a vast nationwide organization, these gangsters have methods which are practically foolproof. They

furnish the money for operations and rake in the profits through scores of go-betweens, whom, if caught, are too smart in the ways of the underworld to talk. And seldom do the stooges know who the Big Guy is! Here again we have the shadowy go-betweens.

What do these smut-salesmen offer? There are photographs, books, motion picture film, still-film, and novelty items. In short, pornography consists of either written or pictorial material, or both; and there is a definite formula for obscenity: there is always a variation of sex scenes with new combinations and new participants.

Pictures usually come in sets of five, are usually in black and white, (they also come in color), in sizes that are usually $3\frac{1}{2}$ " x 5". Of course sizes vary, depending on the amount of money you want to spend.

These pictures run all the way from innocent "come-on" photographs to those of the following type:

1) Nude pictures of either a man or woman, *unretouched*, showing them in all their natural glory. These photographs

are almost always of women, since 95 percent of the smut trade is slanted toward the sexually frustrated male.

2) True hard-core photographs — pictures of a couple engaged in sexual relations. These are known as "straight" pics in the trade.

3) Pictures of a couple (or couples) engaged in various perversions. A brisk business is done with these items of filth.

4) Group pictures, showing not only acts of perversion between the opposite sexes, but the same acts between members of the same sex.

The written side of the smut business consists of books, cheaply bound and set with cheap type—the same as the pictures only expressed in words. These books may or may not contain photographs or illustrations. The size is usually 4" x 5" with about 20 pages, although the size varies, can go up to the size of a regular hard cover novel with hundreds of pages. Anyhow, you name it; the books will certainly have it.

There are decks of playing cards, on the backs of which are the foulest sexual scenes imaginable—photographs, either in

black and white or in color. Also, there are all sorts of novelty items—statues and ceramic figurines. Still very popular are "readers," those eight page cartoon booklets which the majority of men have seen at one time or other in their lives, consisting of crudely drawn figures (with written in dialogue) named for either motion picture stars or comic strip characters.

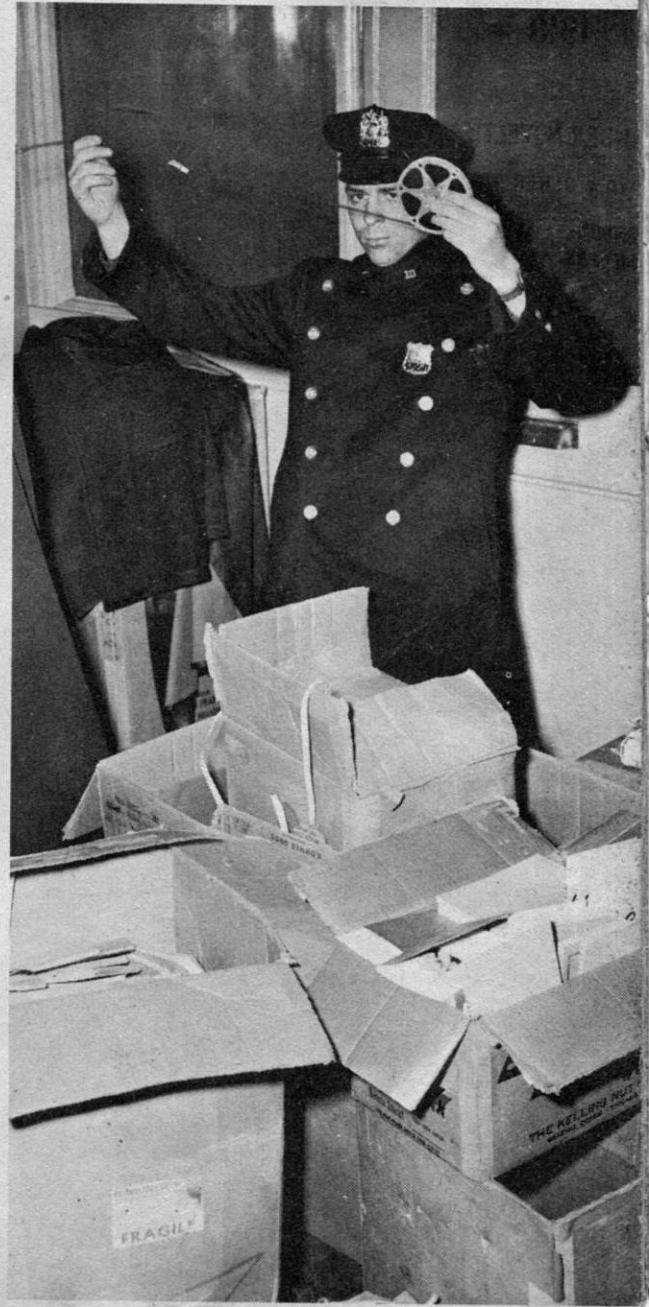
Finally we come to the real big money-makers—the stag films. First, there is the "movie-club" type which is legal; but these are nothing more than moving pin-ups.

Many of these "movie-clubs" are honest and offer *only* what is openly advertised, while with others these films are merely a "come-on" for true pornographic stag films in moving black and white, or color, with or without sound. These stag films are actual motion pictures, on either 8 or 16 mm film, running about 400 feet and lasting about 20 minutes. These are the kind of stag films shown at lodges and (usually) to an all-male group.

(Continued on page 64)



Vice raids by law enforcement agencies usually scoop up tons of lewd material, such as books, photos, playing cards and cartoon "readers" (above, on prosecutor's desk). Recent prize catch in New York was smashing of stag-film warehouse. Ptl. Harold Siegel of 10th Precinct (right) holds up sample reel.



sheer



delight



A connoisseur and collector of filmy female night-gear, 23-year-old Carol Di Carlo admits that her hobby might someday turn into a business. Proud owner of about 35 exotic nightgowns—ranging from artfully suggestive negligees to boudoir bikinis—this gor-





geously proportioned doll (5'4", 115, 35-25-35) models her collection at the slightest suggestion and has been offered financial backing to launch her own line of nightgowns. Seriously considering the offer, this California-born gal has only one doubt about the venture: "Most women don't buy sheer sleeping outfits for themselves. Usually, their husbands or boyfriends are the ones who shell out the money for sexy nightgowns—and I don't know if the men will go for my line."

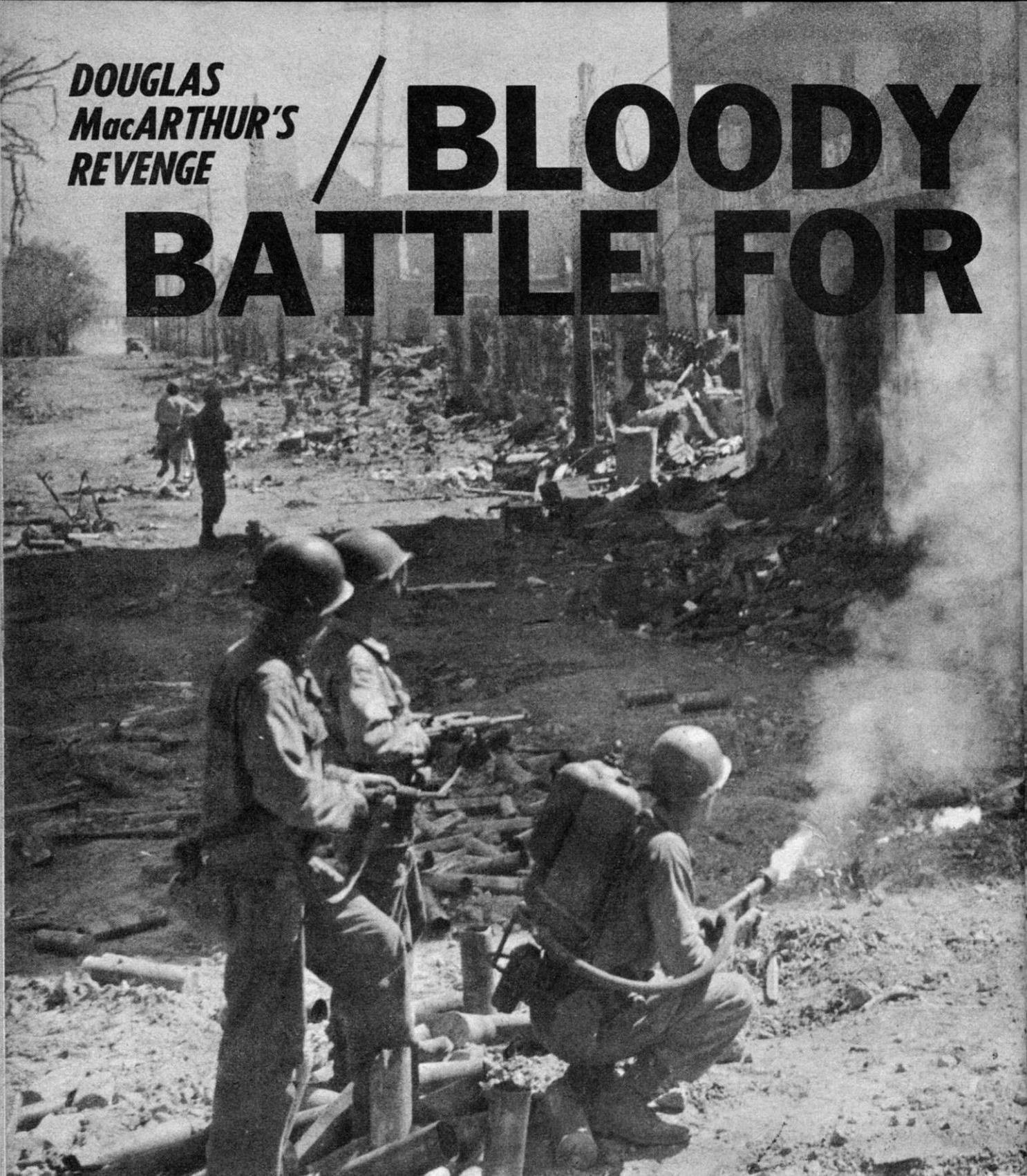
We have no doubts. With Carol doing the modeling—she's a sure-fire bet to becoming the Balenciaga of the Boudoir. •





**DOUGLAS
MacARTHUR'S
REVENGE**

BLOODY BATTLE FOR



**SAGA OF THE FEROCIOUS
30-DAY SLAUGHTER OF
20,000 SUICIDE JAPS**

by JOSEPH ANDREWS

FOR the 1st Cavalry Division veterans of the steaming, corrugated jungle terrain of Leyte and the Admiralty Islands, the macadam roadbed of Highway 5 outside Manila, even with its occasional pot-holes, was like riding the crest of a gentle wave.

But despite the treads of M-7 tanks, half-tracks and tank destroyers, as they thundered along, chewing into the soft

Man's Illustrated

MANILA



SCORCH-AND-BLAST TACTICS WERE THE ONLY WAY TO DIG JAPS

out of their pillboxes which dotted every strategic street corner in Manila. Some apartment houses were converted into massive strongpoints (notice sandbagged windows) with heavy artillery pieces on first and second floors, and automatic weapons on top floors.

road surface; despite the high-pitched whine of the jeeps as they weaved in and out of the column, jockeying for position and a look-see at the looming suburbs of Manila through the gathering dusk of Feb. 3, 1945; despite the nervous, spirited talk of the infantry riding the backs of the charging steel monsters—despite all this, there was an eerie silence that shrouded the atmosphere, so thick a GI could have almost reached out and touched it.

Man's Illustrated

A couple of old Philippine hands, remnants of the meager group that retreated from the islands when the Japs took over in '42, hung on to the hatch of the lead Sherman tank. Above the roar of the motor, above the clank of metal treads against macadam, S/Sgt. Billy Dupree of Salt Lake City shouted the question that was on everybody's mind:

"Are they running or standing?"
"Hell!" answers Sgt. Mike Cleary,

"You've fought these bastards long enough to know you can't figure them out."

Nobody knows for sure. Not even Maj. Gen. Verne D. Mudge, 1st Cav. Div. Commander, back at his temporary headquarters behind the column. The hope—even the prayer—is that the Japanese High Command will declare Manila an open city. But there is no telling—for sure, that is.

Sharing the dilemma not many miles



BLOODY BATTLE FOR MANILA

After GI's of 37th Infantry Division stormed ashore at Lingayen Gulf, they teamed up with Filipino guerrillas (above) and made a dash for Manila in a race with the 1st Cavalry Division. Upon hearing of invasion, the Japanese ran amuck in the city, raping women and gunning down children in streets.

away is Maj. Gen. Robert S. Beightler, whose 37th (Buckeye) Inf. Div. (motorized) is approaching Manila along Highway 3. He, too, has been keeping all lines open to the 37th's lead elements that are, at that very moment, within sight of the prize of the Philippines.

Brig. Gen. William C. Chase peers out the hatch of his M-7 tank, then signals his driver to speed up and take the point of the 1st Cavalry advance. He halts the column only long enough to query Sergeants Dupree and Cleary: "What'y'a think?"

Dupree speaks up for both veterans: "General, you pays your money and you takes your choice."

"O.K., then. That's it. We aren't makin' any money here, so let's go in and find out," the general states almost matter-of-factly.

His arm shoots up, circles in the air, and points toward Manila. The giant column stirs like a huge awakened snake, then picks up speed for the dash over the city line.

Sergeant Cleary is the first to realize that the column has penetrated the suburbs of the city. He peers about him through the dusk, then grabs Dupree by the shoulder as both fight to hang on to the tank's hatch. He screams joyously to Dupree: "Did you ever think when we left this town three years ago with our tails between our legs, we'd come riding back like a couple of visiting VIP's?"

"MacArthur said we'd be back—but I never thought I'd live to see the day!"

It was only a benevolent Providence that permitted Dupree to finish that sentence, for the next moment a 3.7 mm. shell blasted him off the tank and onto the road. The Japs, from literally hundreds of heavily fortified positions—homes, hastily dug foxholes, concrete pill-

boxes—opened fire on the column, engulfing it in a wall of hot, screaming steel.

Cleary jumps from the tank to drop down alongside Dupree, who, above the din of the battle raging around them, gasps out: "Well, there's your answer about a f — — — open city!"

As they seek shelter behind the tank, Cleary suddenly grins: "This ain't so bad. Besides, the suspense was killing me."

Back at his headquarters, General Mudge sticks close to his radio operator, who relays the report from General Chase.

The frightened operator sputters out the message: "He says the whole damn roof has fallen in on him . . . Snipers all over the place . . . They haven't run into any tanks yet . . . Plenty of 75 mm and mortar fire, though."

Mudge grabs the mike and earphones: "How do you call it, Bill?"

"It really hit the fan, boss," comes the hurried reply. "I never saw anything like it. They're dumping everything in on us but the kitchen sink."

"Where do we go from here?"

"Straight to hell, if I don't get this column off its tail, and start moving," General Chase snaps.

There's a short pause and Chase breaks the silence: "Don't worry, Verne. Your boys aren't gonna' let you down."

Minutes later, General Mudge makes radio contact with the headquarters of his counterpart on Highway 3, the 37th's General Beightler. The message is terse



and to the point: "General Chase has made contact with the enemy and is under heavy . . . repeat, heavy . . . artillery and sniper fire. We are going to have to fight for the city!"

What looked like the end on March 21, 1942, was really the beginning, when Gen. Douglas MacArthur, boarding a train at Adelaide, Australia, issued his now famous statement: "The President of the United States ordered me to break through the Japanese lines and proceed from Corregidor to Australia for the purpose, as I understand, of organizing the American offensive against Japan. A primary purpose of this is relief of the Philippines. I came through and I shall return."

One of his last official acts before leaving the islands was to declare Manila an open city and thus protect from total destruction a vast metropolis renowned for its beauty throughout the world and save the lives of thousands of beaten, but loyal Filipino families.

Jan. 10, 1945: Three years and a few days after General MacArthur boarded a PT boat for his flight from the Philippines, Gen. Tomoyuki Yamashita, Japan's choice to direct Philippine operations, strides pompously into his suite on the top floor of the Manila Hotel in the southern sector of the city. From his windows he can look out over the south harbor of the city as well as the *Intramuros*, the old walled city of Manila, built by the Spanish conquistadors in the 1500's. But it isn't history or the scenic beauty of the city that concerns General Yamashita at this moment. His general staff, waiting around a huge teak table for his arrival, can tell by the determined look on his face that the emperor's imperial representative in the Philippines is on grim business.

Yamashita takes his seat at the head of the table, the signal for the others to follow suit. The little man ruffles a stack of papers, adjusts his glasses and begins: "Today, the United States 37th Infantry Division made a successful landing on the beach at Lingayen Gulf. They are well equipped and well supplied. We can assume they will head inland for a few miles and then turn south toward Manila. Since I have no desire to waste men and machines in the field against such a force we will stop them here in Manila."

Someone—it is not recorded who—makes the suggestion that it might be wise to follow Douglas MacArthur's example and to declare Manila an open city.

Yamashita gives him an abrupt answer: "We do not fight the Americans' kind of war. We fight our way. If MacArthur wants his precious Manila, he will have to spill American blood for it—not mile by mile, block by block, foot by foot—but inch by inch. And every inch is going to cost him dearly. If he takes Manila, he will do it over the bodies of 20,000 of Japan's best soldiers. We are not about to drop an open city in his lap. If anything, his men will be fighting and dying for a dead one. I promise him that!"

Feb. 1, 1945: One minute after midnight, and General Mudge, 100 miles north of Manila astride Highway 5, makes preparations for the final drive to Manila. His troops had landed at Lingayen Gulf four days earlier. Now they



Racing through outskirts of city, quickly overwhelming hastily dug Japanese positions, GI's made frantic effort to save Filipinos before the massacre.

are neck and neck with the 37th Inf. Div. on Highway 3 to the west. Unit commanders are called into Mudge's tent, where he gives them the order for that day and those to follow: "Gentlemen, our objective is Manila. We will move there by motorized columns spearheaded by tanks. I want the 1st Cavalry Division to be there first."

At just about the same moment that General Mudge is giving his pep talk to his officers, the 37th's General Beightler, halts his drive along Highway 3 toward Manila long enough to issue his order of the day to the men who have gained a fighting reputation in New Georgia and Bougainville. In an obvious reference to the friendly rivalry already existing between the 37th and the 1st Cav., his terse message reads: "We've fought our way a hundred miles and we won't let those damned feather merchants beat us in."

The race is on!

"Today I was raped four times. My daughter Anna was handed over to a squad of Japanese Imperial Marines, who stripped her of all her clothing and traded her back and forth before my very eyes. When she fainted, they clubbed her to death and dragged her lovely body through the streets until even I, her own mother, would not recognize her corpse. The mad dogs are running wild."

Thus begins and ends the entry for Feb. 2, 1945, in the diary of Mme. Louise Vazon. She tries to continue to record all the events, but the horrors she has seen that day make her hand shake. She swears then to remember them, everything, so that someday the whole world may know:

Item: The women, young like Anna, and middle-aged, like herself, dragged from their beds in the early morning to serve the pleasures of the "glorious defenders of Manila."

Item: Japanese soldiers, sailors, marines, racing up and down the streets, running down pedestrians, seeking them out, driving their trucks and tanks into small, fleeing groups of Filipino nation-

als. Then touring the emptied streets with mounted machine guns spewing bullets into store fronts and apartment windows.

Item: A bonfire built in the middle of the street and little babies, pulled screaming from their mother's arms, fed into the flames—still alive and shrieking as their tender bodies turn an ugly charred black. Hysterical mothers held back at bayonet point, but forced to watch the butchery.

Item: Some 3,000 Filipino civilians—men, women and children—marched into a church, remaining there for two days without food and water or toilet facilities. Then 1,000 of them pulled out and paraded before a veiled woman—an informer—who chooses for death those she knows are pro-American. The victims are bayoneted to death on the spot.

Mme. Louise Vazon sees one ray of hope in the orgy of blood and rapine. As the Japs become more vicious, more brutal, she reasons that the American liberators must be drawing closer to Manila.

Capt. John McCurdy of Des Moines, commander of the 37th Inf. Div.'s recon troops, has been front-running the division down the Luzon central plains ever since the Lingayen Gulf landing. What little resistance the Japanese have been putting up has been promptly dispatched by Captain McCurdy and his men. They have done it with a bastardized collection of jeeps, armored cars and an occasional tank.

Now, on February 2, with less than 40 miles to go to reach Manila, McCurdy is approached by Pfc Kenneth B. Nash of El Paso, Tex., who wipes his dirt-splattered brow and complains: "Sir, I don't want to sound like a professional griper, but I joined this man's army to fight—not tour the Luzon countryside. When the hell are we gonna' see some real action?"

McCurdy absent-mindedly fumbles the intelligence reports inside his tunic. They tell him nothing about what he can expect at the gates to Manila.

He mutters his reply: "Maybe you'll sit out the war in the lobby of the Ma-



BLOODY BATTLE FOR MANILA

nila Hotel. Maybe you'll get blown to Kingdom Come tomorrow night. I wish to hell I knew."

A few minutes after 1800 hours on February 3, Cpl. Albert Davis, formerly of Bismarck, N.D., and now an M-7 tank driver and member of the 4th Tank Battalion of the 1st Cav. Div., peers out the forward port through the gathering dusk. The thundering machine rattles his guts like a bowl of jelly, but he can just make out the writing on the sign alongside the road. Its faded letters tell him it's a relic left over from pre-war days, one that the Japanese somehow missed or didn't bother to tear down during their three years' occupation.

It reads, or at least Corporal Davis swears he can make out the words, in English: "Welcome to Manila, Crossroad Port of the Orient."

The 1st Cavalry, true to its name and its reputation, has scored another first. The flying column of tanks and motorized infantry—the 44th and squadrons from the 5th and 8th Cavalry Regiments, under Brig. Gen. William C. Chase, First Cavalry Brigade Commanding General—had covered the last 100 miles of the drive to Manila in 66 hours.

Later, in a time difference probably measured with a stopwatch, advance units of the 37th Inf. Div. reach the city's northern suburbs.

But for Corporal Davis and other members of the 1st Cavalry, the sign is something more than just another landmark. It marks the moment when the first sounds of enemy fire assail their ears. The myth of finding Manila an open city is dispelled forever.

The whole terrain opens up with a mighty blast. In the column of tanks in front of him, Davis can see the turrets of a dozen M-7's spinning, firing in all directions. But even under the deafening barrage, the column of armor and foot soldiers splits, one section moving up to

the Malacan Palace, residence of Philippine presidents. Davis's tank, along with units of the 8th Cavalry Regiment, reinforced by the Second Squadron of the 5th Cavalry Regiment, roars west toward Santo Tomas University. Within sight of the university's thick stone walls now, they stop in their tracks under a wave of sniper fire, followed almost immediately by heavier stuff.

"My God!" Davis screams to his shotgun. "Those yellow bastards have even hauled 75's up there."

The column backs off and begins pouring its own heavy shells into the prison . . .

Inside Santo Tomas, Col. Namura Hikota, commandant of the makeshift prison camp, wonders how long the university walls and buildings will hold up under the intense artillery fire from the American tanks. Twice he has escaped death by inches. He needs men to fill and haul sandbags for a bunker, but all

As soon as advance elements of the 1st Brigade of the 1st Cavalry Division reached the city, they immediately knew they had a savage fight on their hands for Manila.

available personnel that can be spared from guarding his 3,700 emaciated prisoners are manning the university defenses.

A delegation of prisoners approaches him in the exercise yard, plead with him to be turned loose. The commandant gets a brilliant idea. He assembles the delegation and 50 others in his office, then locks them in with himself and two guards. The three Japanese take up positions in the middle of the room and order their prisoners to gather close around them.

When a shell bursts outside the office window, a piece of shrapnel crashes through the glass and kills one of the prisoners.

Hikota smiles sadistically at one of his guards and says: "Humans make just as good cover as sandbags."

Before he is eventually given safe passage through American lines, 11 of Hikota's hostages will be mowed down by American and Japanese shells.

The artillery duel between the Japs on the walls of Santo Tomas University and the tanks of the American 8th and 5th Cavalry Regiments reached its climax in a crescendo of artillery and small arms fire. The Japs poured barrage after barrage into the milling tanks, watched them scatter, only to reform moments later into a flying wedge.

The tank guns roared as one, like a clap of thunder, and Corporal Davis saw a section of the wall collapse. The hole, the size of a house, gradually grows wider under the relentless pounding of the tanks' artillery. Machine gun and rifle fire silence the field pieces on the wall, picking off the Japs one by one. The steel wedge, a monstrous "V" of tanks, leaps forward, crashing through the breach in the wall.

More than 20 American tanks pour through the breach, then scatter across the campus grounds to mop up isolated patches of Jap holdouts.

The retreating Japanese, moving out



GI's from the 37th (Buckeye) Div. clamber over barbed wire-topped wall to get behind Jap machine gun holding up American advance.

Dead Jap marine, victim of fierce fighting for Far Eastern University (pockmarked building in background) is mute witness to American column moving up to the front.

of the campus to new, prepared positions south of the university, must run a gauntlet of starved, hate-crazed prisoners, some 3,700 of them, who spill out of the dormitory buildings, some crawling, others staggering from hunger and disease. The running Japs gun them down like ten-pins.

It is only then that Corporal Davis and the other Americans realize the full extent of the desperate enemy's bestiality. The Japs deliberately starved their prisoners—American, British, Filipinos. Some of the men have lost as much as 100 pounds during their three years behind the walls of Santo Tomas; the women, 50 to 75 pounds. As for the children, a tight, leathery skin, without fat or flesh, is stretched over their twisted, hunger-wrecked bodies.

Some of the prisoners confide to their liberators that they have eaten nothing but garbage, banana skins, weeds, roots, rats and an occasional dog or cat, for three years.

Before pursuing the retreating enemy, Corporal Davis, and the other tankers and infantrymen break open their packs and distribute their rations among the emaciated inmates.

The 37th Inf. is greeted by a similar sight when its 148th Regt. drives down from the north, past Bonifacio Monument, where they leave piles of Japanese dead lining the avenue, and move on to take the Bilibid internment camp. The damp, rat-infested structure had been a Filipino prison until it was condemned as unsafe and inhumane by the authorities a year before war broke out. But the Japanese opened it up again during the occupation, using it to house 800 military and some 500 civilian prisoners. When the American GI's storm Bilibid's gates they find only a few inmates who are still able to move about. Most of them lie helplessly in their plain wooden bunks, victims of rickets, beri-beri, dysentery.

Mico Samura is no soldier in the strict sense of the word. True, he has worn a uniform most of his adult life, but until late in January 1945, his official garb has been that of a customs inspector, a post he has filled for the past 2½ years on Dock 7 of Manila's busy northern port.

However, when the dock was closed down on February 1st and demolition crews reduced it to a pile of sea-soaked rubble, Mico Samura, for the first time in his life, put on a military uniform—rather, he was forced into the drab khaki of a common soldier. Under a blanket order issued by General Yamashita, all Japanese civilian personnel in the port were drafted into the Imperial Army for the defense of Manila.

Now, in the early morning hours of February 4th, as the dawn begins to bathe the city in its soft light, Private Samura and his ammo-carrier polish a 3.7 mm anti-aircraft gun. A uniform and



a day's training do not make a man a soldier—Samura knows that much. But even after a few minutes at a training camp in the Intramuros he has learned how deadly effective a depressed 3.7 mm can be against ground troops and tanks.

As he spreads the smelly fish oil along the barrel, Samura looks across the Pasig River that separates the northern section of Manila from its southern half. And while he is not a dedicated soldier, he is still a loyal subject of the emperor, and he takes pride in what he sees.

Across the river, in the northern sec-

tion, the defense is proceeding systematically. Of course, the Americans have penetrated the city limits, have taken Santo Tomas, Bilibid Prison, the Malacañan Palace and a huge chunk of the northern suburbs. But that was to be expected and, as General Yamashita promised, the "filthy Yankees" have paid dearly for every inch of ground they have occupied. Even now, the Americans have no conception of what they still must face in their battle for the city.

(Continued on page 56)



Gen. Douglas MacArthur, with famous corn cob pipe in mouth, waits for Japanese surrender delegation to arrive at Manila's City Hall.

WHEN JAILBIRDS GO OVER THE WALL

(Continued from page 33)

Where conditions have made it possible, there are a number of cases of tunneling under the walls, with the dirt being flushed away in toilets and lavatories.

In one instance, however, the would-be fugitive failed to have a sense of direction. He burrowed under the wall of his cell only to find himself in an adjoining cell.

Most unconventional escapes consist of leaving the prison in containers of various types.

John Martin, a one-time guest at a Massachusetts prison, crawled into a barrel and his fellow convicts deposited garbage on top of him. The barrel was loaded on a refuse truck. Somewhere outside, Martin came out from under and fled.

Packing cases, usually earmarked for books from prison binderies, have been successful escape vehicles. In one case, however, two convicts at Leavenworth had the misfortune to be placed in their box upside down against the steam pipes in the express car. After half an hour of this torture, they startled the express clerks by pounding against the sides of their furnace.

Other conveyances have included automobile trunks, mail sacks and false partitions in box cars.

Even with the "inside" assistance of bribed trustees, escapes from prisons are not easy. Clever, unusual methods are often successful simply because prison officials do not anticipate them.

On the other hand, city and county jails offer a much more fertile field for escapes. The jailers are frequently inexperienced, the installations are often antiquated, and the steady change in prisoner personnel provides opportunities for alert jailbreakers.

Burlington, Vt., was the scene of an outstanding example of an over-age jail several years ago.

Two prisoners pried some bricks out of the wall one night, broke into an express office three blocks away where they stole about \$400, then returned to the jail, replacing the bricks.

Despite their perfect alibis, the two men were not good actors. Sheriff Dewey Perry said he noticed that his prisoners were acting "sort of strange." He ordered a search of their cell and the missing money was found hidden in the bedding of the two men.

In Savannah, Ga., Sheriff William Harris presented excellent evidence to Chatham County officials that his jail was in "an advanced state of physical deterioration." Using a potato peeler, fish skinner and a meat saw, four prisoners cut through screening and bars, then dropped 25 feet to freedom on a rope made of aprons and bags.

On the other hand, a prisoner in the brand new Florence, Ariz., jail had even less difficulty. Through an oversight, the hinges on one cell door had been installed *inside* the cell. The prisoner simply removed the pins and walked out.

Ten jailbirds in Iaeger, W. Va., added

insult to injury when they took flight from their coop. The police didn't know who to look for—or why! The escapees took all the offense reports and jail records with them when they fled.

Bloodhounds sometimes prove to be a prisoner's best friends.

A convict at McAlester Prison, Okla., who had been in charge of feeding the bloodhounds, took the dogs with him when he escaped. Authorities had to track down the missing bloodhounds with a second pack of dogs chosen because they were strangers to the fugitive. Two days and 30 miles away, the missing dogs were found in a wooded area, and the convict was apprehended at a railroad station a mile away.

But in Waycross, Ga., it was the bloodhounds that tunneled under a fence and escaped. Trustie prisoners in the Ware County Prison were called out to search for the dogs.

In Tijuana, Mexico, Lt. Col. Jose Vasquez was especially disappointed and disillusioned after an escape. The fugitives quietly walked out during a party given in his honor by his prisoners.

When camouflage failed, a prisoner in the Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., jail succeeded with impersonation. He first tried to elude pursuers by swimming across a stream with a water hyacinth over his head. But officers spotted him when they noticed that the hyacinth was moving *against* the current.

He was returned to his cell, but shortly later walked out carrying an armload of brushes and two paint cans. Guards at the door thought he was a maintenance man.

Taking advantage of opportunities has given some jailbirds at least temporary freedom.

In New York City one Herbert Brown, held on suspicion of burglary, arranged for the posting of \$500 bond. Brown's cellmate was a prisoner named James Briggs. When the turnkey came to the cell, he found one of the men peacefully sleeping, the other very wide awake. Briggs said he was Brown. Released on Brown's bail, Briggs vanished.

Appreciating good music, the warden of the Kentucky State Prison at Frankfort once organized a quartet. The group occasionally made outside appearances before clubs and at churches. At the conclusion of one of their concerts, the warden led the audience in loud applause.

However, the convicts failed to reappear for an encore. A check backstage disclosed that they had left through a rear door, stolen a car and fled.

The Sante Prison in Paris is so well guarded that there have been only six escapes during the 80 years of its existence. One of these men was Leon Daudet, a Parisian journalist convicted of libel.

Daudet observed that the warden was conscientious, but credulous. He had a friend, pretending to be the Minister of the Interior, telephone the warden with the announcement that Daudet had been pardoned. The warden failed to check the call and released the journalist immediately with congratulations.

Confined in the military fortress in Glatz, Germany, Capt. Charles Lux, a French spy, also made certain revealing observations.

He noticed that he could pick the locks on doors that led to a barred window on the street level, that secret messages could be sent if written in invisible ink on the inside of envelopes, and that the warden was a man of earthy interests.

Lux wrote his brother and gave him detailed instructions for sending some small hacksaws, money and a faked passport. The objects were to be concealed within the covers of a long literary novel.

The captain knew his psychology and the warden reacted as expected. When the package was opened, the warden only glanced at the cover of the novel and instantly approved its delivery to the prisoner. But he quickly confiscated the other two books in the package and settled down to enjoy himself. They were pornographic works filled with obscene illustrations.

Most jailbreakers are caught sooner or later—and usually it's their own fault. They hang out in conspicuous places, they repeat their earlier crimes, they talk too much or they visit relatives and friends known and watched by the authorities.

"Jailbirds are funny birds," the late Warden Lewis E. Lawes of Sing Sing once said. "They spend long periods carefully planning an escape, and they will come up with most ingenious escape plots. Yet once they're out, they'll never bother planning how to stay out."

Some are as clever as a certain mental patient who escaped from a state hospital in West Virginia. Only by chance was he found some time later working as an attendant at the State Mental Hospital in Columbus, Ohio.

Others are like Cecil Lovedahl, a convicted murderer, who had too much curiosity and cried in his beer.

Lovedahl escaped from the state prison at Raleigh, N.C., and headed north. Finally he wound up one night in a tavern on Long Island, N.Y., drinking beer.

As he drank, he brooded. He thought about life in solitary if he was ever captured. He wondered what life in solitary would be like. So he called the prison long distance to find out.

Prison authorities traced the call to Westbury, N.Y., and notified Westbury police to look for the fugitive. Officers found Lovedahl in another, nearby tavern, still drinking beer, still brooding.

But once a long distance message prevented an escape.

At Gonzaga University, Spokane, Wash., the Rev. Clifford Carroll, S.J., director of the university library, was approving loans of books to state libraries and institutions. As he checked a list of books requested by inmates of the state penitentiary at Walla Walla, he paused, a little puzzled.

The book requested was *Among Wild Tribes of the Amazon*. Father Carroll remembered that this book had been frequently sent to the prison—in fact a check of the records showed it had been sent 11 times in recent months. And while many convicts enjoy reading travel books, the popularity of this 19th century account of exploration in Brazilian jungles was unprecedented.

"Of course it's just escape reading," he said to himself. And then he hesitated. *Escape!*

He picked up the thick book and glanced through it. It seemed to be an innocent story of adventure back in the 1800's. Then he recalled that a book, held upright and allowed to drop open, will reveal its most-read pages. The book divided between pages 210 and 211.

Father Carroll read the pages and immediately contacted Thomas Smith, prison superintendent at Walla Walla.

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FLASHES FOR MEN

(Continued from page 8)

about accident death-rates or educational films showing real accidents, how they're caused and the gory results . . . If you're ever caught on the road with a busted accelerator return-spring, here's how to solve the problem and still keep the engine from running away until you get to a service station: wad up a piece of rag and jam it under the accelerator pedal; it'll provide enough of the needed spring action to permit deceleration when needed . . . ONE OF THE REASONS WHY PRICES ON '64 MODELS HAVE RISEN some 3%-4% is that Detroit has virtually killed the concept of the true compact auto. You name it—the Buick Special, Olds F-85, Tempest, Valiant, Rambler—they've all been increased in size, probably without your even realizing it . . . Warning to know-it-alls: DON'T BELIEVE THE OLD FAIRY TALE ABOUT A COP HAVING TO CLOCK YOUR MPH's FOR A $\frac{1}{4}$ -MILE or better before he can legally slap a speeding ticket on you. That used to hold true, but today most courts will take his word that you were over the limit . . . GM has patented a car-skid-prevention device that senses when any wheel is slowing down more than the car body, automatically reduces the brake pressure on that wheel . . .

MONEY

The biggest, most important labor need in American industry today is for first-rate service technicians—for home appliances, TV sets, cars, etc. An estimated half-million jobs are open right now, but the call is out for the guy who really knows his business. Not a tinkerer or parts replacer, but the kind of man who can walk into a home, strip the guts out of a gadget, and trouble-shoot it back into working order . . .

Man's Illustrated

DON'T GET CONNED INTO ONE OF THOSE "BUYERS CLUBS" that promises—for a high initiation fee—to provide you with merchandise at fabulous discounts. Some are legit, but you better investigate first. Four outfits operating in the East have been nailed as rackets, but only after they milked \$1,250,000 out of more than 100,000 suckers . . . Mortgage foreclosures are now running at about 8,000 a month in the U.S., the highest in 2 decades, and the reason is many guys are playing it too close to the vest—getting lured into no-money-down-and-30-years-to-pay sort of deals, and then, when it's too late, finding out they can't meet the principal plus the high interest payments . . . If you're thinking of joining the Peace Corps, don't depend on using any dough you've got socked away or money from home to make living overseas a little easier. The administrators of the project expect you to live on your PC pay, which ain't much, and they make life hard for corpsmen they catch throwing around extra cash . . . The Caribbean tourist boom is creating ALL SORTS OF WAYS FOR GUYS TO MAKE MONEY IN AN EXOTIC SETTING. For example, in Jamaica the big need is for good restaurants, better fishing facilities, tackle, rental boats, etc. For the straight poop, write Jamaica Development Corp., 1 Rockefeller Plaza, N.Y. . . .

SPORTS

ONE OF THE BEST INVESTMENTS A SERIOUS HUNTER CAN MAKE IS THE PURCHASE OF A PAIR OF BINOCULARS—to locate game hidden from the naked eye, pick up tracks he'd otherwise miss. A pair that'll more than do the required job (specifications: 6x30 or 7x30) costs about \$25 . . . Probably the dumbest thing

a fisherman can do is dump what's left of his bait minnows into the water he's been fishing. Not only is it illegal in many states, but, more important, it tends to destroy the balance of fish life that conservationists have worked so hard to establish—for the dope's benefit



. . . Despite what some fight experts will tell you, not even head guards or heavily padded gloves will protect a boxer from a truly lethal punch once it's been fired. The damage is caused, not by the contact of a hard glove against an easily damaged skull, but the fact that the jolt, however well-cushioned it might be, literally "rattles" the brain around inside the cranium . . . A CRACKER-JACK SURVIVAL KIT FOR SPORTSMEN HAS BEEN DEVELOPED by Chuck Wagon Foods, Newton 64, Mass. Weighs less than 8 ounces, fits in a shirt pocket, contains compressed cereal, starch jelly and chocolate bars, toilet tissue, razor blade, band-aids, fishing line and hooks, salt, waterproof matches, a sheet of aluminum foil for shaping into a pot, and survival instruction booklet . . . One of the reasons why the Russkies play such a terrific game of hockey in international competition is that they've been playing a real he-man form of the sport for centuries—with 30 to 45-minute periods and no substitutions. The only time Ivan leaves the game is when they carry him out on a stretcher.

Smith launched a search of the prison. He found what he was looking for hidden in the metal shop.

It was a 30-inch brass tube with a nozzle and trigger at one end. A compressed air tank was attached to the other end. Nearby were a large number of wire nails with their heads removed.

Smith found that the nails, propelled from the tube by compressed air, would penetrate sheet metal. The air gun could have been used to literally nail guards in towers 75 yards away.

What Father Carroll had read in the book was a detailed description of the construction of a jungle blowgun. The convicts had followed basic principles, but had added modern refinements.

When Alcatraz was established as the federal government's maximum security prison in 1933, it was widely heralded as escape-proof.

Known as the "Rock," the 12-acre island in San Francisco Bay was surrounded by swift currents in the bone-freezing 51-degree water. The nearest land was a mile and a quarter away. No boat could approach closer than 200 yards.

Discipline was rigid and relentless. Elaborate security barriers included towers manned by machine-guns, steel fences and electric eyes to detect metal on convicts. Prisoners were checked every half hour around the clock.

But no prison is escape-proof. Sooner or later, human ingenuity will discover "angles."

The reputation of Alcatraz was broken on Dec. 16, 1937, slightly over four years after it received its first prisoner. The men who broke it were Theodore Cole, then 23, and Ralph Roe, 29. Cole had twice escaped from Oklahoma's McAlester Prison, once in a laundry bag. Roe had fled once from McAlester where the pair had become friends.

The escape was carefully planned over a two-year period. John Paul Chase, a one-time member of the Baby Face Nelson gang, agreed to assist, but due to his age and health had no intention of joining in the break.

Chase had engaged in bootlegging

operations in the Bay area and knew skippers who would have a boat available for a price. And Roe had \$200,000 hidden on the outside, the loot from his robbery of the Farmers National Bank at Sulphur, Okla. By means of a code sent to one of his trusted correspondents, Chase located a boat owner.

It was agreed that if Cole and Roe made it, a message would be sent to Chase stating that business was good, and naming the month they succeeded in arriving in a foreign country. It was to be signed "Al Carr," the name of one of Chase's regular correspondents so it would pass the censor.

Apparently the final message to the skipper was sent early in December. It stated that the boat should be as close to the west end of the island as possible during the afternoon of the earliest heavy fog.

The fog on December 16th was one of the heaviest in the city's history. At 1 p.m. the two escapees broke out a window in the mat shop with a Stillson wrench and an iron pipe. They dropped to a catwalk 20 feet below, and smashed the lock on a gate in the outer fence. When they reached the water they discarded their heavy shoes.

A painter on the Golden Gate Bridge reported seeing a boat through an opening in the mist about an hour later. It passed below with three men aboard, but violated the law by having no running lights and sounding no warning horn despite the dense fog.

The next night a truck driver near Mill Valley in Marin County reported that two men had jumped his truck. By weaving all over the road, he threw the men off. He said they looked like Cole and Roe.

Two nights after the escape a gunsmith's shop was robbed at Sacramento of rifles, pistols and ammunition valued at \$2,000. The burglary was never solved.

Twenty-four hours later two nervous men appeared at a drive-in restaurant near Merced, 115 miles south of Sacramento. The waitress identified the men as Cole and Roe from mug pictures.

But the principal reason the case is still open in FBI files is a typewritten postcard received by Chase almost eight months after the escape. It read: "Busi-

ness is good in July. Al Carr." It was postmarked Caracas, Venezuela.

Chase, for abetting an escape, had his sentence lengthened, spent 60 days in solitary, and was later transferred to Folsom where he died.

On June 12, 1962, three more men escaped from Alcatraz. They were Frank L. Morris, 36, and the Anglin brothers, John, 32, and Clarence, 31.

Leaving dummies with moulded plaster faces in their cells, they tunneled into a utility area using sharpened spoon handles, climbed pipes to a skylight on the cell-block roof, and slid down a drainpipe. Under cover of darkness, they reached the water by keeping out of sight of the two nearest watchtowers.

Parts of what might have been a crude raft were found off Angel Island, north of the prison. Despite an intensive search, it is not known whether they drowned or gained their freedom.

Several months later John Paul Scott, 35, a Kentucky bank robber, proved what several swimmers had confirmed earlier. Despite the swift currents, he swam two and a half miles to the mainland, but was found by police hiding under the south end of the Golden Gate Bridge.

Today Alcatraz, its reputation shattered, has been abandoned. The cells that once held Al Capone, Arthur (Doc) Barker, Machine Gun Kelly, Harvey Bailey and more recently Micky Cohen are empty, silent and deserted.

Alcatraz's alumni will consider it ironic that Mayor George Christopher of San Francisco has proposed using the island as the site for a western version of the Statue of Liberty.

A new \$10 million maximum security prison for the federal government's most dangerous prisoners is being completed at Marion, Ill. It features the latest in mechanical and electronic restraints. The developments of space age technology have been embodied in its barriers.

But it will be only a question of time before desperate men will challenge its alleged invincibility. With imagination and ingenuity, sooner or later, it will be conquered by clever and daring men who prize their freedom above their lives.

END

GENEVA— SIN TOWN ON THE SKI SLOPES

(Continued from page 19)

Earnest students of the international social scene argued, in fact, that it was useless people like Sam who with their inherited wealth gave the Reds something to talk about. Needless to say, Sam's wife enthusiastically went along with this line of reasoning.

Useless or not, Sam was a likable guy and his heart was in the right place. He had come over to Switzerland to say hello to the good wife, see how she was doing with her negotiations and maybe climb an Alp or two.

Trouble was that his wife was pretty high up the diplomatic ladder. She didn't have much time for Sam what with all

the gabbing around the conference table. Getting him invited to cocktail parties was like tossing a bone to an undeserving mongrel.

Once there Sam was pretty much on his own. His wife went around making contacts and presumably scoring points for our side.

However, if Sam was useless and ineffectual when it came to diplomacy and a proper understanding of world tensions, he was a veteran cocktail-party Romeo.

He sipped thoughtfully at his drink and looked over the field. If you know anything about diplomats' wives you would agree that Sam had a perfect right to be disappointed in what he saw. Even so, he kept looking.

Finally, he saw her. She was one of those imperious blondes with fair skin and icy blue eyes. She stood by herself and Sam sensed that the haughty expression was merely to cover the fact that she was lonely and ill at ease.

We're both in the same boat, he thought as he made his way toward her. And so they were! Her eyes lit up and she began to smile as Sam approached.

"Hello," he said, not noticing that the smile was immediately replaced by a frown. "My name is Sam Smith." Then he caught her looking around guiltily as though to let any observers know that she was not to blame for Sam's bold approach.

It seemed to be a struggle to remain polite, but she managed. "How do you do," she replied in stilted English, "I am Sonia Gregorian."

Oh! Oh!, not only a Russki, but the wife of the guy who spent his days arguing with Sam's wife across the conference table. I better watch my step, he thought.

"To tell the truth, I don't really know anything about these conferences," Sam said with disarming frankness. "My wife does all the negotiating in our family."

"Me too," she agreed gravely. "I know nothing. Just that it is talk, talk, talk—all day long. And nights, too! Ivan has time for nothing else."

"Nothing?" Sam asked.

"Nothing," she repeated, a sly smile tugging the corners of her mouth.

H-m-m-m, we ought to do something

(Continued on page 54)

MAN'S ILLUSTRATED

HOLLYWOOD CANDIDS



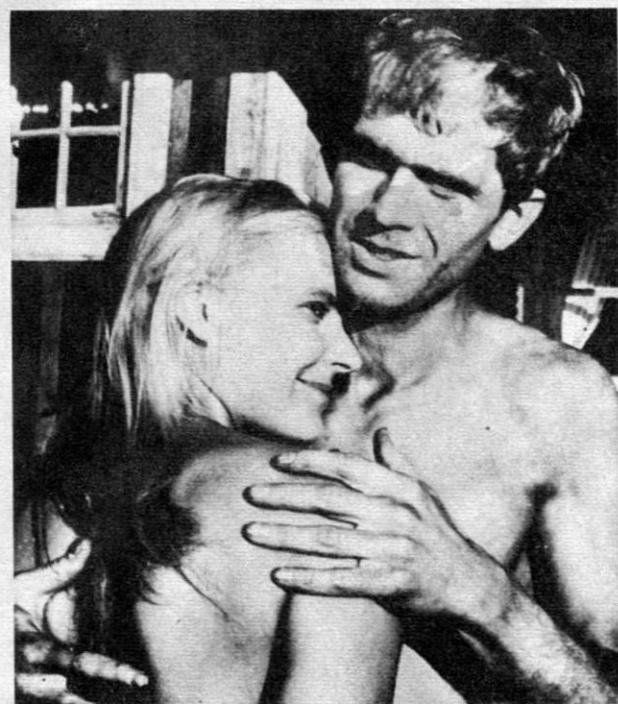
CHANDELIER "ROCK" as performed by actress Carroll Baker in her most recent film, "The Carpetbaggers," really had the movie set jumping with her ceiling-high champagne antics.



OUTDOING "LA DOLCE VITA" is the aim of latest flick about Rome, "Via Veneto," and trying her best with an impromptu nightclub strip tease is Chinese-American actress, Carol Carter.



AMERICA'S ANSWER TO BRIGITTE BARDOT, complete with only a towel wardrobe, curvesome Barbara Nichols steps out of shower on the set of "The World Of Henry Orient."



SWEDEN'S ANSWER TO HOLLYWOOD'S NEW REALISM is "Adam and Eve" featuring Gio Petre and Per Myrberg. Story of a young sculptor and his wife who insist on living their own life according to their standards.

about this, Sam thought. At the same time it occurred to him that his wife didn't have time for anything else either.

Not that it mattered. In fact, he was rather relieved. And from the look of fat Ivan Gregorian over there, he imagined that Sonia should be rather relieved as well.

"Do you go out much during the day?" Sam asked innocently.

"From time to time," she replied guardedly. "One has people to see, shopping to do."

"Does one have time for a drink?" he asked with a hint of congeniality in his voice.

He thought he caught an answering glint of amusement in her blue eyes, but her reply was cautious. "Perhaps, but people watch. One must be discreet."

"One could visit me at the Charles V—Suite 201," he replied. "The hotel is very busy, and you won't be noticed."

She thought for a long moment before she answered. "Tomorrow?" she asked. "After lunch?"

"Wonderful," Sam said with restrained enthusiasm.

"Now, I really must be going," she said in a louder voice. "It was so nice meeting you, Mr. Smith. I do hope you have a good time in Geneva."

The next day, Sam had the scene set for seduction well before the appointed hour. There were fresh flowers, assorted wines and liquors and a bucket or two of ice. He had also left orders that he was not to be disturbed until further notice.

Sam knew that he wouldn't be disappointed—and he wasn't! Sonia arrived shortly after one. She was even more breathtakingly beautiful than the night before.

They didn't waste time with preliminary negotiations. Sam mixed a couple of tall, cool ones and they got right down to the matter at hand. This, as you recall, had something to do with sex.

In spite of her icy demeanor, Sonia

was a writhing armful of passion. It was as Sam had noticed before, the cold look was meant to cover up the fact that she was a hot little doll indeed.

It was difficult to say who was really the aggressor in this little *piece d'action*. Sam was certainly no slouch when it came to having his way with a lusty lassie, but Sonia came up with a few naughty innovations that were certainly wasted behind the Iron Curtain.

She was a wildcat. Not only did her lips bruise his skin, but her long nails drew blood when she was caught up in the ecstatic transports of love.

She urged him on in a mixture of Russian and English. All he could do was hope that the Russian words were no worse than the English terms she was using. These were bad enough, and somewhere in the back of his mind he wondered where she had picked them up.

Sonia had studied ballet, and some of her acrobatics were especially interesting when adapted to the boudoir.

By five when Sonia left, Sam felt as though he had been put through the wringer, but good. However, he did make sure to arrange another appointment. He wasn't going to let this earthy creature wither on the vine.

As the negotiations continued between East and West, Sam and Sonia met again and again, wherever and whenever they could. Sam even took the extremely dangerous risk of sneaking into the Russians' suburban villa on the outskirts of Geneva.

They laughed about it afterward. If he had been caught, however, there would have been no laughing. There would have been no scandal either. Both Sam and Sonia would have been quietly disposed of.

Finally, Gregorian was transferred back to Moscow. Sam had a half-hearted notion to persuade Sonia to stay behind with him. Although they never talked politics, he knew that she was as much a Russian as he was an American. It

would be useless to try to convince her to stay.

They had one last wonderful day together before finally parting. It was better than it had ever been before. Not only because it was the last time, but because they knew each other so intimately.

And of course it was sad—bittersweet! Sonia cried, and Sam felt like crying, too. Finally, she smiled through her tears and said good-by one last time in the best way she knew how. Then she left, without looking back!

As we said, it was a small thing—of little account in the grand design of negotiation and international diplomacy. However, it was a beginning, if only for two people.

As you may have surmised from the preceding tale, upper level diplomatic cocktail parties can be very dull. By the same token younger diplomats and UN employees are apt to throw some mighty wild parties indeed.

Not that you would want to, but uninvited guests can't even get in the door during the more sedate affairs. At the brawls given by the younger set, however, any new face is welcome.

A lad on the loose in Geneva merely has to hang around the Palais bar any afternoon in order to overhear where the best parties will be held.

Not only that, but the chances are more than good that some delightful young thing will notice him sitting all by himself and suggest that he come along, if he has nothing better to do.

Todd Graham followed this course of action and discovered that a young guy on the loose in Geneva could have a ball without spending a cent merely by going to one party after another.

The dame who invited him to tag along was a secretary in one of the Far East delegations then visiting Geneva. She was learning western ways quickly, however.

She suggested that they stop off at her place before going on to the party which really wouldn't get rolling until much later. And so they did. It was a delightful interlude in which she taught Todd an Oriental trick or two and he obliged by performing lustily in true-blue American fashion.

The party, held in one of the many luxurious villas on the shores of Lake Leman, was going full blast when they arrived. There was already a good deal of indiscriminate necking and more than one young lady was staggering around in a disheveled state.

The Oriental girl was evidently a favorite at these parties. She was greeted with loud cries and caught up immediately in the mad whirl.

Due primarily to his delightful interlude, Todd was in no great rush to mix into things. He was in a detached frame of mind and able to look the situation over carefully before making a move.

He couldn't resist the approach of the virginal looking young blonde from one of the Scandinavian countries, however. She informed him that in her country sex was considered a natural function vital to good health and well being, then suggested that they dash upstairs for a quickie.

They went upstairs for a wild half hour in which Todd was well instructed in the winter sports in which Scandinavians engage when it is too cold for skiing and ice skating.

When they returned it was to find that some joker had turned off all the lights. The guests were all for it, however. The



"You set that damn alarm clock once more tonight and I'm going home to mother!"

party was still going full blast even in the dark.

There were squeals, yells and giggles—all of it good-natured and full of fun. Todd lost the Scandinavian girl in the darkness and began wandering around by himself through the huge rooms. The best part was bumping into strange women who kissed him warmly before letting him go.

After a time he bumped into a girl who wouldn't let him go. She pressed herself against him with wild abandon, then took one of his hands and pressed it firmly where she wanted it to be.

This one really knew her way around in the dark—and otherwise. She led him through the house to one of the bedrooms which was still unoccupied. After a half hour or so they were really well acquainted.

She was very good, and Todd had a momentary regret that he did not know who she was or what she looked like. Not that they needed to, but they hardly exchanged a word during the hectic hour.

After they returned to the main brawl and the lights were put on again a fight broke out. It couldn't have involved politics or national issues because many people from the same countries were fighting on opposite sides.

As fights go, however, it was a good-natured melee. There was nothing more than a black eye and a split lip or two. In addition some of the boys had taken advantage of the confused situation to tear the dresses off some of the girls. These little vixens didn't mind a bit, however. They draped themselves in torn strips of clothing and paraded around

the room like striptease dancers.

Then someone suggested a swim in Lake Leman. Of course no one had a bathing suit. But no matter! Not only was it dark, but nude swimming is healthier.

They swam and splashed around in the icy water for a time and then ran about like a bunch of wild Indians in order to get warm again. Todd found a girl with a towel who agreed to rub him down "for a price."

"What's the price?" he asked, innocently.

"You'll see," she replied coyly.

Todd got the idea as she began to dry him off. She was really a good deal more personal about it than she should have been.

The effects of the cold water followed by a brisk toweling were such that Todd found that he was indeed willing to "pay the price." He went upstairs with the young lady to play his fourth round that evening in the delightful game of love. He was too much of a gentleman to ask how many times she had played.

You wouldn't consider the number of "bouts" a great record, since it was nearly midnight. However, it was an achievement of note since each round had been with a different girl. Todd could never really be sure on this point since the encounter in pitch darkness might conceivably have been a repeat.

The last girl was as good as any he had that evening. Furthermore, she told him about another party that was being thrown the next night by some members of one of the Middle East delegations.

A feature of the evening would be a

bevy of belly dancers, who would perform on stage and off for the enlightenment and edification of one and all. The young lady also assured him that liquor would most certainly be served, in spite of the strict Mohammedan restrictions against the use of alcohol.

Todd took care to engage in no more amorous hanky-panky that night. He was offered several opportunities to go another round or two, but declined as gracefully as possible under the circumstances. Along about 1 a.m. he staggered home to his hotel to catch up on his rest. He was going to make damn sure that he was in proper condition to enjoy himself at the next party.

Men in the public eye and others who wish to avoid complications and notoriety quite naturally avoid such parties. For them there is a diplomatic bawdy-house in a secluded villa on the outskirts of Geneva.

As you might imagine, this "house" for the striped pants set is not only secluded, it is exclusive as well. The first visit is strictly on the recommendation of a regular patron. And then only if Madame is assured of his discretion.

The girls who work here are as varied in nationality as their clients. Furthermore, it is a rare occasion for an Englishman to ask for Maude, the English girl. He is likely to prefer a Japanese or Russian. By the same token, Russian and Japanese diplomats also choose girls of nationalities other than their own.

International politics being what they are, you would expect a good deal of coolness, if not outright bickering between the guests. Such is not the case,

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however. Not only is sex a great leveler, but Madame simply will not tolerate any traces of hostility. Thus you are apt to see men chatting quite sociably when only a few hours before they had been at each other's throats over the conference table.

The girls who work at this international house of ill repute are investigated quite carefully before being hired. In addition to living up to the highest standards of the oldest profession, they must be absolutely neutral politically. It certainly wouldn't do for the English girl to go tattling of the Russian diplomat's indiscretions, or vice versa. And it is a tribute to the management that nothing like this has ever happened during the long history of Geneva's most exclusive house away from home.

We have also taken note of the fact that Geneva does have a number of call girls "sitting by the telephone." They sit because the calls are few and far between, except for a few favored girls who have been around long enough to build up a steady clientele. The others stay in Geneva only a short time before fleeing to happier hunting grounds in Paris, London, or Rome.

The reason: too much competition from the young ladies who give their favors away.

"With all the amateurs in Geneva, a girl can starve before she turns a trick," a doxy wailed as she bought a ticket on the first train out.

Another complains that the girls from the UN and other international organizations are so eager that they have on occasion taken men away from her. "All they had to do was tell 'em it was free. How can I compete in a situation like that?"

The favored call girls who do survive in Geneva are usually in the service of a company or embassy. They are expected to be on hand to provide comfort and understanding for a tired businessman or harried diplomat who arrives in town unexpectedly. Again, these girls are chosen because of their discreetness as

well as their professional ability.

On the other hand, there are lots of young men who manage to do quite well by providing their services to ladies about Geneva who cannot afford to be seen picking up men in the Palais or similar bars.

While the male version of the oldest profession is known throughout the world, there are few places where it is practiced as extensively as Geneva. The shortage of available men, of course, is a primary factor. Girls are just like boys when it comes to sex. The more difficult it is for them to get, the more they want it.

Another reason is that many ladies of Geneva have quite a bit of money to throw around. Their husbands are diplomats, often with huge personal fortunes—or businessmen, bankers, lobbyists. The ladies can afford to pay, and pay well, for their young stallions.

A third reason is that these females' husbands are often too busy settling world affairs or setting up international business deals to bother taking care of unimportant domestic details. Either that or they get their sex kicks at the aforementioned bawdy house. Whatever the case, the women are bored, lonely and willing to pay for what they want—and need.

This should provide incentive enough for you to visit Geneva. You can have a ball with the hundreds of young women available and spend your money in riotous abandon. And there is no need to worry on that fateful morning when you wake up broke, with the landlord hammering on the door for the rent. All you have to do is let it be known that you are available to service (with a smile) any lady of wealth and breeding who has the price.

The time it takes you to earn your passage back to the United States depends on your strength and determination, as well as the generosity of your customers.

Of course, you may not want to come back. And all things considered, who can blame you?

END

BLOODY BATTLE FOR MANILA

(Continued from page 49)

Samura thinks of the briefing he received the day before, how he was told that Manila's defenders are without any divisional troops, that they were a mixed group of Army, Navy, Imperial Marines, and service troops, the latter consisting of members of the Japanese Air Force, elements of shipping regiments, laborers, and port troops. How it was laid on the line to him and the others—that the 20,000 defenders of Manila are virtually incapable of tactical maneuvers, but extremely well-suited for a static defense.

There is an estimated one artillery piece—from the size of a 3.7 AA gun to the powerful 75 mm cannon—for every five Japanese in the city. Every main street in the northern and southern sectors is studded with concrete pillboxes that house mortars and machine guns. Every building throughout the city is a virtual arsenal. Heavy artillery has been

placed on the ground and second floors of buildings, on the third and fourth floors are the mortars, and above that, the automatic weapons. Finally, the roofs are literally crawling with snipers. Every block, every street, every building, is armed and prepared for a long and bloody siege.

Now Private Samura can see the second phase of the defense as it is put into action. Flickering brightly through the soft light of dawn, huge blazing fires break out all over the city. The wind whips them higher, spreads the holocaust along the avenues until they join together to become a gigantic wall of flame that advances north toward the advancing Americans.

"That will hold them for a while," Samura smiles at his ammo-carrier.

Inside Bilibid Prison the situation has grown untenable. The fires have spread to buildings across the street from the rat-infested structure, threaten to engulf it and its inmates and liberators. Only one ancient fire engine has been mustered from the long neglected Manila Fire Department. Bucket brigades work feverishly, and men of the 37th Inf. Div. dynamite whole blocks in an effort to create firebreaks. But nothing, it seems, will halt the advance of the rampaging flames.

Sgt. Paul Meecham gets his orders to evacuate the prison inmates. Most of

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them have to be carried piggyback through the streets to safety. As the motley mixture of GI's and starved prisoners moves slowly to safety in the northern suburbs, Filipinos line the streets and shout "mabuhay" (long life) to the wretched survivors.

Around him, as the slow-moving line of evacuees crawls north, Sergeant Meecham can see the city, under heavy artillery barrage and spreading fires, now being reduced to a mass of smoking rubble and twisted steel. The streets are filled with screaming, hysterical civilians, many of them their clothing on fire, rush about aimlessly until they drop and turn into blackened lumps of flesh.

Mounds of bodies can be seen all along the way. The Filipinos have begun collecting their dead, a grim harvest of bayoneted men, women and children, who earlier got in the way of the retreating Japanese.

Now men and women, who a little while ago lined the streets to cheer the evacuees, begin their own exodus. Choking and coughing from the smoke, they stream north and join the column of Sergeant Meecham. Some of them—half-starved Chinese and Filipinos—stop only long enough to ransack stores and homes for food and drink.

Behind him, Sergeant Meecham can see only a gutted city almost as far south as the Pasig River. Smoking ghosts of apartment houses, warehouses, office buildings, all the way to the 300-yard wide water barrier. The northern sector is now a dead city, except for a wide ring of artillery shell explosions and the answering muzzle flashes of advancing

American tanks as they advance toward the river.

Pfc Kenneth B. Nash of the 37th Inf. Div. recon troop thinks back to his earlier conversation with Capt. John McCurdy, when the enlisted man complained about the absence of action in the Luzon campaign. By the evening of February 5th, Nash admits he has had more than a taste of action. He's been glutted with it. It's been house-to-house, room-by-room, all the way through northern Manila—a new and frightening experience for the trained jungle fighters of the 37th.

Now, as he and McCurdy and the others, crawl along on their bellies toward the Pasig River, they can see the abandoned, burning warehouses at dockside. From a vantage point atop a cement wall that once formed the shell of a five-story building, one of the men shouts: "All four bridges are still intact."

McCurdy signals his men to fall back to await the rag-tag assembly of armored cars and jeeps that make up the recon troop's armor and transportation. Nash leaps into the back seat of a jeep. As the others pile into other vehicles, drivers gun the motors, throw the vehicles into gear. The hodge-podge of armor roars its challenge as it lumbers down the deserted street towards the river.

It turns a corner, blasting away at last-ditch pockets of Japanese Marines. Then, just as the Americans are within a few hundred feet of the river, they are halted dead in their tracks by the shock of several explosions going off at once.

The Japs have blown up the bridges in the very face of the American advance.

Private Samura tries hard to keep his spirits up with the news that the American thrust has been brought to a halt at the Pasig River. But from his concealed position on the southern side of the river, he has watched the Yanks doggedly push their front to the northern banks 300 yards away. For two days he has viewed the steady stream of Imperial soldiers moving across the four bridges in a routine retreat, then go on to construct new positions in the southern sector of the city.

Moreover, news has just filtered through that the American 11th Airborne Division has successfully landed at Nasugbu in Batangas Province 35 miles south of Manila. Meeting only token opposition, the airborne troops have driven north to take Nicholas Field. There are rumors of other landings—the American 8th Army's 11th Corps driving down both sides of the Bataan Peninsula and, north of Lingayen Gulf, the 6th Army's First Corps in a continued bloody push toward Baguio.

Samura suddenly becomes aware that he and the 17,000 Japanese troops remaining in Manila will become one huge suicide squad, a Kamikaze battalion. That is, if General Yamashita does not surrender what's left of the city to the Americans.

But the Japanese general doesn't look at things the same way his troops look at them. On February 7th, he broadcasts the following message: "At long last

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Douglas MacArthur is in my iron trap. I have been chasing the enemy's commander all over the Southern Seas area and each time he has slipped away from me. This time it will be different and my pleasure of a face to face meeting will be realized.

Blame it on over-anxiousness, or maybe even his desire for vengeance, but General of the Army Douglas MacArthur, on the same day, is equally premature in his own order of the day to his men: "You have inflicted the greatest military defeat of its history on your enemy . . . You have fulfilled the sacred mission for our hallowed dead."

The capture of Manila is announced to a waiting world. The only ones who don't believe it are the American soldiers grouped on the northern side of the Pasig River waiting to storm across the stream—and the Japs in the fortifications on the southern side, preparing to blunt the nose of any American attack across the water.

Then, too, there are the others for whom the Battle for Manila is still a hope rather than a reality—the Filipino civilians trapped in the southern sector of the city.

There are thousands of them—men, women and children herded into churches and other big buildings, put there by the Japanese to "give them protection" from American artillery. Then the buildings are doused with gasoline and set afire. When men and women try to escape by jumping out of windows, they are shot down by Japanese snipers.

And the hundreds of Chinese and Filipino women who are forced to don Japanese uniforms and made to march within sight of the Americans, who mow them down, thinking they are enemy soldiers.

When news of the atrocities reaches Major General Griswold, commanding the 14th Corps, he issues the following ultimatum to the Japanese commander, whose headquarters are now in the old walled city, the Intramuros:

"Your situation is hopeless. Defeat is inevitable. I offer you an honorable surrender. If you accept, raise a large Filipino flag over the Red Cross flag you now fly over Intramuros and send an unarmed emissary with a white flag to our lines. This must be done within four hours . . . In the event that you don't accept, I exhort you that, in the name of Japanese *Bushido* and in the spirit of the samurai sword, you will permit all civilians to evacuate Intramuros and the rest of the southern city without delay."

There is no answer.

Maj. Gen. Basilio Valdes, Philippine Army Chief of Staff, puts into a proclamation the words that reflect the feelings of all Filipinos during these horrible days: "The Japanese in this fanatical destruction of a civilized city and their merciless and obviously joyful elimination of helpless civilians have forfeited any right to exist as a nation."

On the morning of February 8th, Pvt. Amsen Winters of Norfolk, Va., climbs into a rubber boat and, with two other men from the 148th Inf. Regt., becomes the 15th boat in the second wave attempting to cross the Pasig River. They take refuge behind a "Buffalo" troop carrier as the water around them comes alive with Japanese bullets.

On their left, a group of engineers hastily complete a pontoon bridge, only to have it knocked out by an artillery blast that sends water cascading into the

shallow-draft rubber craft. The tiny boat threatens to founder in the murky waters of the Pasig, and Winters begins to bail, as the other two men paddle desperately to keep up with the "Buffalo."

Ahead of them, a dozen Jap bunkers spew death across the waters. Three rubber boats and their occupants are cut to ribbons with machine gun fire. The water begins to creep up Winters' clothes and licks against his hips. He bails furiously now.

A counterbattery of shells from the American side chew up the bunkers in a creeping barrage that starts at the water's edge and marches inland. The "Buffalo" docks and disgorges its cargo. Winters and his men pull alongside, leap from the rubber boat as soon as its bottom scrapes the southern bank. On the shore, a yelling sergeant urges his men into action with a battle cry that can be heard even above the noise of men, machines and artillery shells: "Kill a million Japs by sundown!"

And Winters' companion, Pvt. K. C. Elias from San Francisco, bleats: "I ain't takin' another step until I get some dry pants on . . ."

And at that, the stubborn Californian opens his pack and, with enemy bullets whistling all around him, proceeds to change into a dry pair of pants. When he is finished, he dons the rest of his gear and turns to Winters: "There, now. Let's get this damned war over with . . ."

And he charges up the bank with the rest of the men from the 148th.

West of the 148th landing, engineers of the 129th Regt. have sent their first wave of 50 men across to Provisor Island in the middle of the river. Their objective: To salvage what is left of the Manila Power Plant that occupies almost the entire island. Thick vapor from bubbling smokepots have blanketed the approach of the first wave. But now the Japanese on the island are ready. The second wave of engineers enters the low-hanging front of smoke and is smeared by the alert Japanese. Ten men in the second wave make it. Now a total of 60 men, cut off from any hope of reinforcements, are abandoned to fight as best they can some 90 fanatical, do-or-die Japs defending the island.

For three days the battle rages. Neither side can escape. If a man—Jap or American—sticks his head out of one of the buildings, he draws fire from both banks of the river.

The Americans buddy-up in pairs, and wriggle amongst pieces of machinery and shell-broken walls of the power plant. The Japs stay on the move, haul 50-caliber machine guns up onto the rafters and into dark corners of the roof. At night they plant anti-personnel mines and then the next morning try to suck the Americans into triggering the charges, as they hotly pursue their prey over the unfamiliar plant. The Japs shout, "Hey, Mac's boy, here I am," in the hope that the echo will fool the Americans and lure them into the open.

But the Japs are a jittery bunch, and they begin to fall for the oldest trick in the book—the empty helmet held up on a pole from behind a dynamo or through an office door.

After the second day, the Americans realize they'll be stalled for the duration unless they begin to take chances. They come out in the open, purposely drawing Jap fire, and hoping their covering buddies can blast the Japs before they get off a second shot.

It is step-by-step the whole length of the plant, combing every hole, searching under every fallen timber, every piece of

iron roofing. A vicious game of hide-and-seek, of tossing back unexploded Jap grenades, of patching their own wounds as they run for cover, of making one day's field rations last for three days.

All the Americans sustain some kind of wound, but when the three days are over, not one Jap is left alive on the island.

"Why the hell don't these b— know when they've been licked?"

Pfc Tony Battaglia of New York asks the question for what seems to him to be the 100th time since he's come to Manila less than a week ago. Every house, every building has been a carbon copy of the one before. First, the infantrymen of the 37th surround a building, bring mortars and 50-caliber machine guns up to work over the defenders, to soften them up. Then, when any other self-respecting soldier in the world would have had the sense enough to throw in the towel, the Japs go on fighting floor-by-floor, room-by-room, closet-by-closet.

"It's always the same," Battaglia tells the young lieutenant, brought in to replace Capt. Ellis Townes, the late company commander of the 140th Infantry. "They won't surrender. They're tougher to dig out than a filling in an old wisdom tooth."

The young lieutenant turns a little green. Three floors up, a pocket of Jap Marines are pumping hot lead down the stairwell, pinning the pair of Americans to the wall of the office building. (The Americans have learned to send only two men into a building at a time. They have long ago discovered the Jap trick of waiting until 50 or 60 infantrymen enter a structure, before blowing it up with preset demolition charges.)

Rifle slugs ricochet around the pair like hot bees in a hive. Expertly, Battaglia pulls the pin on a grenade, gives it a long count and lets it fly up the stairwell. It explodes at the peak of its arc. The rifle fire from upstairs ceases long enough to permit the two men to gain the second floor.

Suddenly, the whole building rocks with the concussion of heavy artillery shells.

"My God," the lieutenant cries, "don't they know we're in here?"

Battaglia answers him knowingly: "Those are Jap shells. They don't mind knocking off their own men as long as they get a couple of us."

"Won't this drive them out?" the lieutenant asks hopefully.

Battaglia shakes his head, "Nothin' gonna' get them out of here unless we drag them out feet first. So, let's get started."

The New Yorker hugs the wall as he charges up the stairs two at a time. He spins to a stop in a dark corner of the third floor and bites the pin on a second grenade. Gently, almost as if he's tossing a ball to a baby, he lobs the pineapple up to the next floor. The explosion echoes up and down the stairwell.

"That's just insurance," he reassures the lieutenant, who lags cautiously a few feet behind him.

When they reach the top floor of the building they count 12 bodies. On the roof, they challenge two snipers pouring automatic fire into the street below. The Japs don't even turn around. They keep firing until the lieutenant cuts them down with his Thompson submachine gun.

"Like I said," Battaglia declares philosophically, "they just don't know they're licked."

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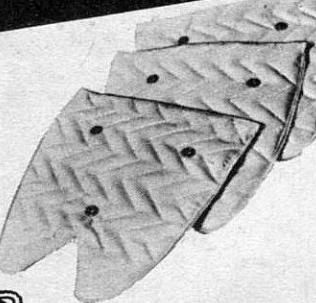
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By February 9th, the fires in the north-
ern sector of the city have died down,
only to be rekindled in the southern sector
along Dewey Boulevard where the
action now rages in the Admiral Apartments,
then the Bay View and Manila
Hotels, the Escolta, the theater section.

Fourteenth Corps Commander Maj.
Gen. Griswold, standing on top of a 10-
story office building now realizes that he
and his men have no choice. They know
that the Japanese hold thousands of Fil-
ipino hostages within Manila's old walled
city, the Intramuros, only 200 yards
away. But another surrender ultimatum
has gone unanswered. Now, it is left to
the Americans to finish the destruction
of the old city begun by the Japanese.
Every effort has been made to permit the
Japanese to surrender honorably. They
choose to die at their posts and to take
their hostages with them.

General Griswold feels a little sick in
the stomach at the thought of the order
he must soon give. He stares at the huge
walls—20 feet wide at the top and 40
feet wide at the base. He gives the order
to open the siege.

Five days later, General Griswold
stands in the same spot and surveys the
wreckage his artillery and Jap demolition
crews have made of the walled city.
The once handsome post office, the mu-
nicipal building, the proud legislative
building—now gutted or leveled to the
ground. The pillbox-studded golf course,
a verdant green a few days earlier, today
a fire-scorched desert.

Ten stories below him, the general can
see the blue uniforms of scurrying Ja-
panese Marines, as they shift their mor-
tars, machine guns and light artillery. The
mile-square battlefield is laid out before
Griswold like a topographical map. He
can see the movement of his own men
ringing the ancient walls—and watch
them as a dozen disappear into minute
bits of flesh and uniform under a direct
hit from one of the artillery pieces on
the wall. The shells from his own artil-
lery buzz several hundred feet over his
head and open up the earth in the old
city lying at his feet. The carnage is
sickening even to this battle-scarred veter-
ean.

Cpl. Louis Peel hears the order as it
is passed down the line. The general in
the "crow's nest" has signaled for the
final phase of the battle for the old
walled city.

Peel recalls the story that when the
British East India fleet attacked the same
walls 183 years previously it took 30
men-of-war better than a week of around-
the-clock bombardment to breach the wall.
Griswold's artillery force an entry with
60 rounds of eight-inchers.

But there is one important hitch—the
rubble is stacked so high no tank can
possibly negotiate the debris and charge
into the city beyond the wall. It is left to
the men of the 37th to make the charge
on foot.

Peel is one of the first to reach the
crest of the rubble. Before him, a couple
of hundred Japs in blue Marine uniforms
close in to seal the breach. But the man-
euver has been anticipated. The ranks of
Japanese collapse under a barrage of pic-
kle-barrel aimed mortar fire. What's left
of them continue their advance towards
the charging Americans, and are mowed
down like so many stalks of grain.

The agile Americans leap over the
dead bodies of the Japs and move on into
the heart of the city—or what's left of it.

As far as the eye can see—a mile to the opposite wall of Intramuros—not a complete building stands. Only utter devastation.

The sack of Manila has been virtually completed by its defenders.

Between February 16th and March 4th, from the Intramuros to the destruction of the last pockets of resistance, the American forces bring to a conclusion MacArthur's mission of revenge against the sons of the Rising Sun, who three years earlier had driven him from the shores of the Philippines. It is noted, however, in the division histories of the First Cavalry and the 37th Infantry that together they suffered 6,000 casualties in the two-week mop-up operation.

With the fall of Manila, General MacArthur's place in history is secure. But he issues this statement as a kind of prediction of things yet to come:

"We are well on the way, but Japan itself is our final goal. With Australia saved, the Philippines liberated, and the ultimate redemption of the East Indies and Malaya a certainty, our motto becomes: 'On to Tokyo!' We are ready in this veteran and proven command when called upon.

"May God speed the day!" END

FREE CHINA'S COMMANDO WAR

(Continued from page 25)

that the "Full Moon" raiders killed 700 Communists, ruined an electronics depot and knocked out four important power plants before the sheer mass of Chicom numbers began to squeeze them in January 1963. Again and again, the N.S.A. fighters succeeded in busting through Red strong-points. But each attack cost lives, and the last of the N.S.A. heroes was killed in late February. He took 11 Communist regulars with him.

The commando squads that handled "Full Moon" were well equipped with aluminum machine-pistols, bazookas, plastic explosives and excellent portable two-way radios. This gear—which did not include the fiberglass assault boats sometimes used to put ashore N.S.A. frogmen—brutally emphasized the type of mission these men undertook. The volunteers were to chop their way in from the beaches, rip the Reds apart as often and as painfully as possible, and keep clobbering the Communists as long as feasible. It was in no sense a suicide deal, but on the other hand there was no provision made for the evacuation of the raiders when the Red heat grew intolerable. The lack of portable assault boats or other craft made it clear that the Nationalist guerrillas were in Red China to stay. They came to wage a long campaign, one that involved both attacks upon the Reds and collection of intelligence information for radio relay to Chiang's commanders on Formosa. It is hardly any secret that most of this data on the Chicom forces, hardware and movements gets to the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency in due course. It is well known that C.I.A. maintains a team of "more than 300" on Formosa, and that coopera-

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to identify the mangled bodies when the two delayed-action incendiaries ignited with a hissing roar. Before anybody knew quite what was happening, the building was a roaring inferno. Dozens of Red officers were trapped in the twin fires that raced through the headquarters like searing scythes, burning down everything in their paths. Before the building collapsed, 188 Communist officers and men were fried alive in the massive blaze.

Less than 72 hours later, another N.S.A. team slashed into the so-called Lenin Re-education Center in Hanchow—a concentration camp that specialized in the mental and physical tortures of modern brainwashing. A large truck filled with bags of rice pulled up at the gate, where sentries checked the driver's pass and waved him in. Just as the vehicle pulled up behind the mess hall, the sound of gunfire echoed at the far end of the camp.

"Guerrillas! Guerrillas!" the bald deputy C.O. of the camp shrieked as he grabbed for his pistol.

He took three steps before a burst of bullets from nowhere dropped him in the mud. At that instant, nine N.S.A. raiders charged out from their concealment behind the rice bags and began to spray the guards. Red security police reeled under the sudden murderous battering from the aluminum machine-pistols. The commandos raced through the compound tossing grenades and Molotov cocktails everywhere, spreading death and confusion while the other guerrilla force closed in from the far end where they had launched the diversionary attack. The Red defenders fell back to seek cover in the prisoners' exercise area, but this proved a fatal error. The long abused captives had no intention of serving as human shields for their sadistic guards. The prisoners jumped the Reds, jerked away their guns. Some of the Red security police were drowned by angry men who forced their faces into open latrines. Others perished after prisoners crammed their mouths and nostrils with mud, and at least a dozen guards were literally torn limb from limb. Hundreds of prisoners escaped in stolen camp vehicles, and many of the bitter fugitives joined anti-Red guerrilla units operating in Chekiang province.

They are still in action. One important reason for their survival is the growing help that the anti-Communist raiders have been getting from an increasing number of ordinary Chinese farmers, laborers, students and even Red militia. There have been at least a dozen cases in the past year in which N.S.A. squads were trapped by Communist forces, only to escape when some soldier deliberately pretended not to see the guerrillas and left a hole so they could slip away into the night. The hatred for the Red regime has mounted so intensely that Communist police who tried to stop an N.S.A. raid on a food granary were attacked by hundreds of civilians who literally crushed them to death with rocks, clubs, lengths of pipe and broken bottles. When the commandos then distributed the rice from the military depot to the starving people, the N.S.A. men were cheered as heroes and invited to stay.

Of course, they could not remain in that village but they did stay in China. Their numbers have now grown large enough so that even foreign military experts are taking the raiders seriously.

"Right now, the National Salvation Army has about 2,000 top notch spy-commandos on the mainland," an American military intelligence expert in Tokyo disclosed in mid-1963, "and we figure that these guys are good enough to

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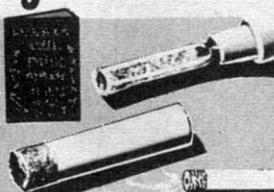


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GUARANTEE!

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DOWN
 STOP
COMPLETELY

organize 180,000 to 200,000 local irregulars. By mid-1964, they're going to double that. This operation is really starting to snowball. Take it from me, the damage that Chiang's guerrillas have inflicted up to now is only a tiny sample of what the Reds will be getting."

These samples already have the Communists sweating. The Reds have rushed 320,000 troops into the coastal sectors facing Formosa, established an "anti-commando corps" in the Canton area and organized 800 "people's defense teams" to comb the mountains in Kwang-si, Yunan, Kwantung, and Hainan Island off northern Vietnam. Several major cities on the Chinese mainland have imposed night curfews to make it tougher for the guerrillas to move.

Despite all this, the evidence piles up that the N.S.A. is getting more powerful every day. It is building a guerrilla force that is now a major irritant to the Reds, one that may someday get strong enough to open the enslaved mainland for a liberating invasion.

Before that happens, a large number of Communists will have to die. In addition, many N.S.A. volunteers will have to sacrifice their own lives to free their homeland. They are ready to do so — they are doing it right now! END

SEX BY MAIL

(Continued from page 39)

The "stories" on these films consist of a couple engaged in either sexual relations or acts of perversion; often a regular "cast" is used and numerous "actors" perform. These stag films are never handled by the jack-leg and are either rented or sold by personal contact, usually by a wholesaler or retailer. This is strictly the territory of the Mob boys.

According to Mr. Vitale: "The little jerk ain't got the money for stag film operations. He ain't got the technical resources either. Why some of the models get as much as a hundred bucks an hour, which ain't a hell of a lot considering the things they gotta do and the things they have done to 'em. My wife Marcia can tell you all about it. She'll be here in a minute. But speaking of dough. Like I said, the jack-leg ain't got the loot for stag films. Why I've seen photo-processing labs that cost 30-40 grand, and used strictly for what the squares call 'pornography.' "

How is smut produced? Consider first the jack-leg, the little "jerk" who has decided to make himself some fast and easy money. Photography has been his hobby for years, and he can develop film and print pictures in his own little photo lab. We'll call him George. Having talked his girl friend into posing in a skimpy two-piece bikini bathing suit, he now takes a series of pictures, after which he places a small advertisement in one of the many girlie magazines. The wording of the advertisement will be something like the following, depending on how good George is at copywriting:

UNUSUAL
Photos of
EXCEPTIONALLY

beautiful Ruthie.
The kind you are
sure to like. Revealing
and tantalizing.
Set of 5 only \$2.

The orders begin pouring in, and our producer begins sending out the sets of pictures, which he is printing in his home lab at night. He is making an excellent profit as the cost of reproduction is small. After a few weeks he gets greedy, and it occurs to him that if damn fools will spend \$2 for a set of bathing beauty pictures, what will they pay for a set of real pornographic pictures? George begins to picture himself rolling in wealth. Why he might get as much as from \$5 to \$10 for such a set of pictures.

George knows his girlfriend will have nothing to do with such a lewd scheme, and he knows, too, he will need a man for the "male lead." He goes to a prostitute and explains the set-up to her. She and her "boy friend" agree to help him for a percentage of the take, plus a large fee for the initial posing. The prostitute and her guy pose for the obscene pictures (which leave absolutely nothing to the imagination). George knows he cannot advertise such pictures, but instinctively surmises what all good smut-peddlers know: that anyone interested in pin-up pictures is also interested in hard-core material. And he is so right.

Soon former customers are inquiring: "Do you have any really 'hot' pictures?" George writes back and tells them that he has a set of 5 @ \$5.00. A set of 10 @ \$10. Soon the money is pouring in.

George now places "come-on" advertisements (the straight pin-ups) in other magazines and papers, and our candidate for a federal penitentiary now begins sending out descriptive literature to all his customers who have bought "Ruthie" pictures: "We have the kind of pictures you will really like. Action shots seldom seen, with a man and woman performing." Only an idiot would fail to get the meaning. Again the dollars roll in, this time by the sackful.

How long can all this last? How long can George send smut through the mail before coming to the attention of the U.S. Postal Inspection Service? It all depends. There aren't enough postal inspectors and these few are overworked. On this basis, it might be months, or a year or more before George's luck runs out, before his ad is noticed and investigative action taken. The P.I. men will then do either one of two things. They might send him a letter addressed from Washington, D.C., using federal stationery (say with the great seal of the United States as a letterhead), the idea being to let George know he is being investigated. What does our entrepreneur do? He won't go out of business. If he were that smart, he wouldn't be a jack-leg in the first place. The sharp ones fold up shop immediately. The dumb ones (and George is no Einstein) sends the post office inspectors a set of legal "Ruthie" pin-up pictures, stupidly thinking that these pictures will con the government, convince the P.I. men that he is operating a legal business, dealing only in pin-ups.

The government is not convinced. A month passes. Several months. George is now convinced he has fooled the postal authorities. He now gets a letter from some little jerkwater town he's never heard of, a letter badly composed, perhaps written on cheap pad paper: "Have you guys got any of them good pictures? I mean with a man and woman? Doin' you know what?"

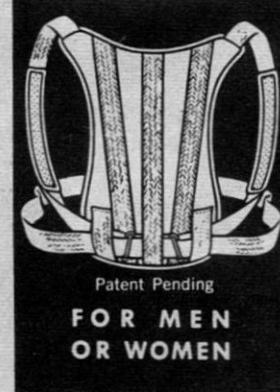
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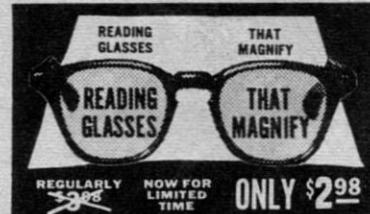
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George thinks he's got a real sucker on the line. He sends a letter back telling what he has to offer. Back comes an order. Back to Jerksville go the obscene pictures. George has now made the biggest mistake of his life: he has sent "lewd," "vile" and "obscene" pictures through the mail to postal inspectors, all of which can be used as evidence against him in court.

But perhaps George is very cautious. He has never heard of the party in Jerksville. He checks the name and finds that the man has never bought any "Ruthie" pictures, and he makes it a rule never to send smut to new customers, only to those who have bought pin-ups. Ha! George thinks. This is a trap! So he writes back and states that he only has pin-ups for sale.

The P.I. men will now either buy the pin-up pictures and wait until later for a new pitch for smut, or else use a different address (a different name in a different state) to send in an order for pin-ups. They know that sooner or later George will send them "hot" literature, or that in the months to follow they will request smut from him, if he is actually selling the filth.

The P.I. men now send in an order for pin-ups. George forwards them. Months later they send a letter asking, "Do you have any 'good' pictures with a man and woman?" George checks his "Ruthie" list. Yes, the customer has bought pin-ups: "Mr. William Hastings, Box 275, Loretown, Texas." Within weeks "Mr. Hastings" has his lewd pictures and George gets the shock of his life, in the form of a U.S. Postal Inspector and a U.S. Marshal with a warrant for his arrest.

What is the sentence for sending pornography through the mail? The maximum is five years in prison and a \$5,000 fine on each count. So George sent 10 pictures; this is 10 counts (but sometimes the feds roll it all into one, make it one count with a first offender).

Exit George to a Federal pen.

But, you think, George is an exception to the rule. After all, not many little guys are selling smut through the mail. The Postal Inspectors wish that were the case! Only it isn't. Recently, Rep. Edward J. Derwinski of Illinois said the "main operating problem" in efforts to cope with obscene material is "lack of adequate manpower." Derwinski cited testimony by Post Office officials at recent House hearings on the postal budget, to the effect that at the close of fiscal 1962 the Post Office had a backlog of 5,000 cases involving the mailing of smut. And these 5,000 cases involve men like George, although not every one who sends obscene material through the mail is a pornographer. A man might write a "dirty" letter to, say, an ex-wife and use curse words or other foul language, in which case he is guilty of sending smut, or obscene material, through the mail.

There are, however, literally hundreds of little smut operators like George all over the U.S. One is arrested and two more take his place, persons who foolishly believe they can outwit the resources of the U.S. Postal Inspection Service.

Consider now the big-time smut peddler—men like Mr. Vitale—the Syndicate type operator in pornography. Yes, he uses the mail, but in a more clever and cunning manner.

Marcia, Mrs. Vitale, came into the office. A tall woman in her early 30's, she could have passed for a movie starlet. Well-groomed, she was not the type one

would suspect of ever having appeared in stag movies. She looked at me curiously, lit a cigarette and sat down.

Mr. Vitale continued to talk, and I learned that the majority of all pornography is made in the Chicago, New York and Los Angeles areas. Toronto, Canada, and Mexico City are also prime centers.

"We even import the stuff from Europe," Vitale boasted. "From England, Italy, France, Denmark. From all over."

"How do you get it into the country?" I asked. "And why do you have to import it?" After all, why buy it if you can make it yourself?

Vitale snickered. "We bring it in on passenger and cargo vessels and sometimes by plane. As for Canada and Mexico . . . that's easy. We use cars and trucks with special compartments. Those border patrol guys are too busy and don't check too much. Why do we import the stuff? Hell, because we make a good profit on imported stuff. They make it dirt cheap across the water and in Mexico; there ain't no paying \$100 an hour for broads and all that."

Mr. Vitale went on: "We can't take chances. We make the pictures (either still photographs or motion pictures) in one place, but process them in another location. The models never know where we do this processing.

"We don't trust anyone," Mr. Vitale said, "do we, doll?"

"We can't afford to," Marcia said in a soft voice. "For instance, models might get \$100 for posing for a series of stills, but in making movies they might get from \$75 to \$100 an hour. By the time the reel is completed . . . why they might make as much as \$1,000. This is a good buck. How do we know when they might decide to go into business for themselves. No, not in movies, because they haven't got the facilities and especially the contacts. But I do mean still pictures, photographs and all that. O.K., sooner or later they get caught. They know better than to blab on us, but if they did and the feds found our processing plants . . . it's not only the evidence involved, but the cost of a new plant. And a film processing plant can run as high as \$75,000!"

Smut photos can be made almost anywhere, as very little space or equipment is required for these pictures. A good camera, proper lights, a man . . . a bed. A small apartment or hotel room can be used . . . a room in a motel . . . even a car trailer. That's where these pictures are made. But this is not the case with stag films, which require expensive cameras and accessories, often including sound equipment, which is bulky and heavy. A lot of space is needed for the production of a stag film, thus extreme care is used in selecting a location, which might be an old estate or a farm. The "set" must be safe from prying eyes, or from chance passers-by. Privately owned loft buildings as well as boats are often used. Any large place that affords safety and privacy. As a rule, locations are switched constantly and are never used more than twice in a row.

But the security measures involved in selecting locations are nothing in comparison to the secrecy surrounding the locations of the processing and printing plants. Picture a group of counterfeitors and imagine the extreme secrecy they use; multiply this twofold and you'll get some idea of the extreme caution of the smut-makers. A large photo-processing plant is not easy to move, containing heavy and expensive equipment—all sorts

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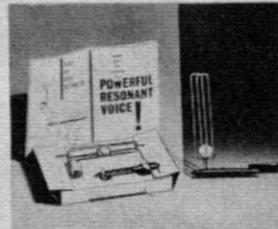
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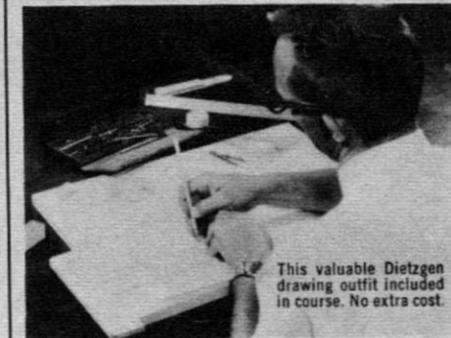


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of machinery, including web-fed rotary presses. These plants are hidden in loft buildings, on farms and private estates, in any locale that is least likely to attract attention.

What about regular commercial photography labs and commercial printing houses? Don't the Mafia control a few of these for their smut operations? The answer is that the Mafia is too cautious for that kind of set-up; the answer is NO.

"That would be too obvious," Mr. Vitale said.

As we've said, the Big Boys also operate by mail, but their efforts in this direction have been perfected by know-how and years of experience to the extent that they are seldom, if ever, "tapped."

Strictly speaking, there are three types of "mail men" in the smut racket. There is the jack-leg like George, who soon falls by the federal wayside. Then there is the larger mail operator, called a "Middler," who is backed by Mob money, but who is not a part of the Syndicate, nor do the boys boss his operation. They do get a piece of the action, plus see to it that the Middler repays their loan to him—with plenty of interest. A Middler lasts much longer than a jack-leg, as he uses different mailing addresses; yet he still is not part of the Mob set-up.

Finally there is the Syndicate operation, which is of course "fronted" by numerous stooges. It is this organization which drives many a postal inspector to the verge of a nervous breakdown. Here is how it works:

A company is set up in some city and operates with a post office box number. For purposes of our exposé we shall call this outfit *The Marvel Co.* It might be a company offering legal pin-ups or legal "movies." The next step is to blanket the country with advertising. Remember: this is a big operation. The Mob then sits back and waits. Soon orders begin pouring in by the thousands and the legal pin-ups or films are sent out. These orders have paid for the initial advertising and general overhead. But, where is the huge profit?

Recall how poor dumb George used the same address for promoting smut as he did for his pin-ups, all of which resulted in his becoming a number at some federal clink? Old hands at this sordid business, the Mob is not quite this stupid. Sure, the boys are going to sell obscene material and send it through the mail, but not in the name of the same company used for their pin-up pictures, which are legal. And their pin-ups and films are legal; they make sure of that. All they wanted with *The Marvel Co.* was to obtain mailing lists.

R. S. Studios, another "front," is now put into action from another city and with a new post office box or drawer number. Literature is now sent from these "studios" to all *Marvel Co.* customers—literature featuring nude photographs of pretty models (but still within the law) and with highly erotic wording, making it plain that out and out smut is being offered for sale.

Again orders pour in by the thousands, but no obscene material is sent from *R. S. Studios*! No sir, not on your life!

The *Kelso Novelty Co.* (another "front") is set up in another city with another P.O. box number and from this company the actual pornography is forwarded—all within a matter of days. Then *Kelso* folds up and goes out of business—just like that. No one shows up to collect the mail, pay the rent, etc.

The whole operation is as simple as that.

Seemingly this makes the postal authorities appear dim-witted. Such is not the case; the truth is that the Postal Inspectors might well be aware of what is going on, might suspect that this is a "folder" operation; yet the government's hands are tied. The Big Boys have moved too fast and with too much precision. Postal law is very explicit, demands concrete evidence that "lewd" and "immoral" material has been sent through the mail. So this material was sent, *but who sent it?*

The Marvel Co. sent legal pictures.

R. S. Studios sent nothing but literature, and while this bordered on the obscene, it was still legal. The Mob's legal beagles took care of that. Poses of models were not obscene, and the descriptive matter, while plain in meaning, did not make use of obscene terms. Experienced copywriters work for the Mob and these well-paid professionals don't make mistakes, not at the money they are getting.

Kelso Novelty Co.? This outfit sent the actual filth (in unmarked envelopes, *first class mail* which, by law, cannot be opened without a court order), but within days went out of business.

What can the postal inspectors do—arrest a name, a post office box number?

We know *who* makes smut, *how* and *where* it is made, how advertised and sold by mail; we know that millions of dollars are being coined through the use of the mails, yet in spite of all these postal maneuverings, in spite of their vastness, we actually know very little. We are only seeing that part of the iceberg that projects above the murky waters. As for the submerged part . . .

Three fourths of all obscene matter is sold by personal contact—and that is why the racket is so difficult to smash.

Obscene material of every conceivable nature—still photographs, motion pictures, books, novelty items, etc.—are sold in poolrooms, small book stores, candy-stores, taverns, locker rooms, men's clubs, any place that caters to the male trade. And all of this filth is sold through a vast, nationwide, interlocking combine consisting of the *wholesalers* and the *retailers*.

Let's consider Chicago. A wholesaler is given a "territory" by the Mob. This territory may consist of five square blocks, or 20, or more! He buys all of his material from the Mafia (buys it outright) and in turn sells to the retailers in his district . . .

Frankie owns a bar, needs three dozen "readers." He goes to the wholesaler in his district. There's Big Sam, who works at an exclusive men's club in the Loop. The club pays him \$75 a week, but Sam makes far more than that by selling (or renting) stag films to the Big Shot businessmen who belong to the club. There's Mr. and Mrs. A_____, an elderly couple who own a small candy store across the street from the _____ High School. This old couple have a nice nest egg laid away. They got it by selling obscene pictures to high school boys, at 25¢ to 50¢ each! And on and on and on. All these people get their material from the *wholesaler*. It's the same in every city across the country—St. Louis, New York, Fort Worth, Denver, Tampa, Tacoma, etc. The Mafia blankets the nation with smut.

How is this material transported across the nation? All of us have seen in motion pictures how "moonshiners" operate? We are familiar with the bootlegger's supercharged car with the hidden compartment. We are well at home with his

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secrecy and caution. So it is with the smut-peddlers, although speed is not too important to them.

Suppose a new series of stag films are made in California. Word is received from, say, Boston that a certain wholesaler will buy 100 reels. The mail is never used. Forwarding the shipment by express or freight is too risky; too much cash is involved.

A truck leaves California, perhaps laden with fruit or furniture or ?, destined for Boston. The load is not a blind, as the driver will have legitimate business in that city, but somewhere on the truck will be the 100 reels of stag film. Often the driver does not know who the wholesaler is; in fact the material might change hands a dozen times before reaching its final goal.

Private planes are also used extensively, as well as private boats.

There are "runners," men and women who do nothing but travel around the country by automobile. Their job: to sell obscene material. They contact wholesalers in person, deliver special orders and take future orders. Usually they pose as legitimate salesmen and do have an honest business which they use for a front, but their real business is the traffic in pornography.

Needless to say, all these people are extremely careful. But suppose they're caught? The truck might have an accident! An automobile might be involved in a wreck and lewd pictures scattered all over U.S. Highway 66! Do these men talk? Would you? Would you rather go to the pen or get a .38 slug in the head some night?

There is a good substantial reason why the smut-carrier is as careful as the runner of illegal alcohol or dope. Not only are there various state laws against pornography, but it is a breach of federal law to transport obscene material across any state line.

I asked Mr. Vitale about prices and here is a run-down on current smut items. This is hard-core pornography and is selling price from wholesaler to retailer and from retailer to his individual customers. For some strange reason Mr. Vitale would not tell me what it costs the wholesaler to get these items from the Syndicate, and I didn't press the issue.

Photographs: black and white; set of from 5 to 10 pictures; size 3½" x 5". (Of course, prices vary, depending on size; color pictures are higher.) The wholesaler sells them from \$2 to \$5 per set; the retailer gets anywhere from \$4 to \$10 per set.

Playing cards: wholesaler from \$2 to \$3 a deck; retailer, depending on demand, from \$5 on up.

Eight to 16 page cartoon "readers": the wholesaler, from 5¢ to 15¢ apiece; the retailer gets from 25¢ to \$1.00 apiece.

Books: the small kind; from 20 to 50 pages; size 4" x 5". The wholesaler, from 75¢ to \$1.50 apiece. The retailer from \$3 to \$5 each. Prices vary, depending on whether the books are illustrated. Regular novels (book size with hundreds of pages, usually reprints from foreign works) are much higher; the wholesaler might get from \$5 to \$15; the retailer from \$35 to \$65. Actually the prices vary greatly in the "book" market. It depends on size, quality of printing and number of pages.

Stag films: copies of originals, in black and white, no sound, 8 or 16 mm film, 400 foot reels: The wholesaler will get from \$12 to \$28 per reel; the retailer,

from \$45 to \$65. Or the retailer might rent the film (by the night or weekend), for from \$25 to \$50.

New films: black and white; no sound; 400 foot reels: The wholesaler gets from \$20 to \$50; the retailer, from \$50 to \$100; rental from \$35 to \$65.

New films with sound: black and white, the wholesaler gets from \$50 to \$125; the retailer from \$75 to \$165. Rents from \$65 to \$100.

Color film, but no sound: 400 foot reels; the wholesaler gets from \$65 to \$150; the retailer from \$100 to \$200. Retailer rental, from \$75 to \$150.

Color film with sound: The wholesaler gets from \$100 to \$200; the retailer from \$135 to \$250. Rental from \$100 to \$200.

Prices vary constantly, and a good deal of this fluctuation depends on the section of the country and the current status of law enforcement.

Who buys these obscene photographs, books, motion pictures; people suffering from some sort of mental illness? Not at all. It might be your next door neighbor. Occupation or social status has nothing to do with it. The buyer might be a college professor, a factory worker, office worker or an attorney. Background and education do not play an important part.

One thing is certain—he is a sexually frustrated male. No, he doesn't have to be married, but he usually is. Also, he's usually a man who has had, or is having, poor relations with his wife. He might be 20 years old or eighty. Age has nothing to do with it, because smut is bought by all ages and all classes of people.

Because the "great dumb American public" (as Mrs. Vitale labeled it) is the best customer of smut, it is doubtful if the filthy racket will ever be smashed.

Another thing in favor of the pornographers is the difference and confusion of smut laws in various states. Many states don't even have laws against pornography and must prosecute under statutes involving "public decency." On the other hand, some states have strong laws, such as California and New York, where smut-peddlers can end up in the penitentiary.

The public has a foolish tendency to laugh at the whole business, erroneously thinking that smut is but the product of the small-time, fast-buck operator, who is soon nabbed and put behind bars by the postal inspectors, little realizing that three-fourths of the tremendous racket involves personal contact, that in reality it is a huge octopus with nationwide tentacles. When it comes to smut, the postal inspectors are the "glamor boys" in the public's eye. These men are doing a wonderful job, all things considered, only there simply isn't enough of them, nor enough money in the postal budget for them to do a really effective job. Anyhow, their concern is only with the mail; it is not within their province to run down pornography promoters who transport the obscene material across state lines or smuggle it into the country via plane, ship, or what-have-you. This is up to the F.B.I., Customs officials and other government agencies. These departments, too, are understaffed and overworked.

However, despite these shortcomings, these law-enforcement agencies long ago recognized the morally destructive influence of pornography and have waged a relentless undercover war against the smut peddlers. But their most important ally in this battle against this flood of filth is still an enlightened public—which means YOU!

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SUBTLE ART OF PICKING A PLAYMATE

(Continued from page 35)

is a comfort in some situations, but holds the possibility of legal entanglement. If you have all night, or a long evening, and trust the lady, it's well worth the risk. Some chicks, with other commitments to fulfill, can dole out only an hour in the bower each date, in which case regular use of a public hostelry becomes expensive. Borrowing a friend's apartment subjects one to many evils, from inopportune interruption to social blackmail.

In this case, recourse to the runabout — the auto — is almost mandatory. A word on the type of car is perhaps not amiss. Foreign cars should be viewed askance, generally, since they are ill adapted to any kind of comfort. A couple of American makes are particularly adaptable for all sorts of maneuvering — no wonder they're selling like hotbeds.

One more place to take her is to your cozily furnished fallout shelter. Bomb shelters served admirably as lovers' retreats in London during WW II, and the bomb shelters in Hawaii were never used for anything else. So if you build a fallout shelter, keep its extracurricular uses in mind as you plan for hidden entrance and exit, and a conducive atmosphere within. If you volunteer for duty as an air raid warden at your office or apartment building, you may be able to feather a little nest in the building's shelter — but don't get caught by a surprise air raid drill.

When to advance, to try to make a friend of a pretty stranger? Psychologists at a recent convention said that after 1½ moderately strong highballs a lady is delightful and desirable. Three highballs make her daring and devilish; six, dangerous and disheveled; nine, delirious and disgusting; 12, dead drunk (and a few more, just dead). Get her between two and three drinks, so she won't have to become messy before you take up her option.

Many a girl is honest enough with herself to know what she wants without the stimulus and inhibition-cancellation of liquor. These "drys" can give themselves more freely, and you're less likely to have to deal with their "after the fact" regrets.

Most women hate to be rushed to the boudoir. Love-making is what they need, and they deserve it. When your amanuera has become convinced that you love her, however, the "courting" at each date can become very brief indeed, since all that's required is reaffirmation of your love for her.

Having once established a lovesome liaison, how do you keep it going without having to advance into matrimony or withdraw again into single cussedness? Girls are notoriously eager to exchange the general problem of "men" for the hundreds of problems of marriage to one man.

Forget all rules in bailing out from a sticky affair and cite inherited flaws such as insanity in the family.

There are exceptions, however. Certain career girls are so dedicated to success that they reckon marriage would only foul up their futures. Some actresses, for instance, wouldn't marry anyone except a producer. Occasional foresighted professional or society women, with an eye to the long future, don't want to marry outside their tight little groups. As women become more and more emancipated, even some businesswomen prefer to be single, but not many can resist the status of the Mrs. degree. And there are those who don't want husbands because they already have them.

Keeping these factors in mind during the selection phase is helpful, but if they have been overlooked in the rush for romance, you will need some convenient escape hatch to keep you from walking that last mile to the altar. Certain bachelors, jealous of their freedom, have gone so far as to repudiate marriage on the claim of a weak heart that could carry them off at any moment, or insanity in the family which might break out when least expected. But this is perhaps going too far.

The best way to keep all your affairs in order without having one disrupt all the others by suddenly suggesting matrimony, is to convince each lady that she's better off as *bonne amie* — a good friend — than as a wife. How?

Tell her these facts: In a purely voluntary relationship, the lovers come together only because they love each other, whereas in a marriage they are bound together with or without love; hence, love is more assured in an affair than in marriage. Love flourishes when lovers meet for love alone, but withers under a nagging routine of household work, money worries, do-it-yourself jobs, and enforced togetherness. Lovers on dates are always at their best for each other, a situation impossible to maintain full-time, as in marriage. Thus, she can have the best of you in an affair, but the worst of you would be forced on her in marriage.

If this doesn't convince her, you may have to fall back on starker truths. Tell her frankly that you like to play the field, and not to be tied to only one girl. This immediately makes you a bad prospect for marriage, since you might continue to spread your favors after marriage. If she's hell-bent on marriage, she'll break off relations with you, but you can view this philosophically — it gives you once more the greatest opportunity of your life — the chance to find a new and wonderful girl.



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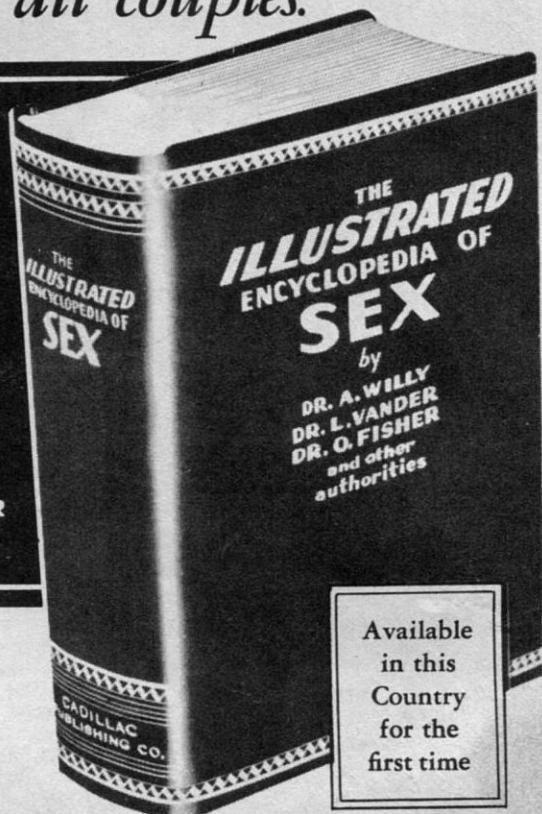
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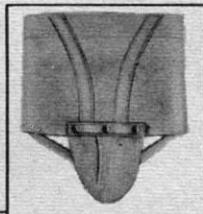
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LUFTWAFFE'S SUICIDE ATTACK ON NEW YORK

(Continued from page 14)

By early August, all those involved in Operation *Uberrumpelung* had gathered at this northern airfield, and taking one look at their barren surroundings, had promptly rechristened it "Kampfgruppe Verloren (Lost)."

Ochrn greeted his small force of officers and NCO's by informing them that they were now part of an "elite group," that it would be their privilege to contribute substantially to the eventual triumph of the Third Reich—a "privilege" that cut little ice with airmen fresh from the battle fronts, where what little remained of the Luftwaffe was in the process of being shot out of the skies.

Ochrn also added a rider.

"You will mention nothing of your new assignment," he told the crew members, "even to your families. If you are stuck for an answer, you are to say that you are training for operations on Fw-200's. And that is all. If you should be indiscreet enough to reveal the existence of the new Victory bomber, or any detail of your training here, you will answer for it personally to *Reichsfuehrer* *Himmler*."

The lean, slightly-built *Flugkapitan* contemplated his fingernails for a few awkward moments and then, slowly, his gaze lifted and his fingers gently toyed with the Knight's Cross at his throat. A bitter little smile played about his mouth.

"Also, my *kameraden*, I've been instructed to inform you that your par-

icipation in Operation *Uberrumpelung* is absolutely voluntary. Any of you unwilling to accept this assignment should explain his reasons to *Sturmbannfuehrer* *Schwartzhuber*, our estimable representative from the SS. I need hardly add that this . . . er . . . gentleman . . . comes to us from Tarnow." (A camp for German personnel deemed "lacking in moral fiber".)

During their first weeks of training, Ochrn and his crews were assigned two four-engine Fw-200's. Toward the end of August, two new Victory bombers were okayed by test pilot Linge for delivery, and by September 1st both planes were in the hangar at *Kampfgruppe Nord*.

Almost at the outset an incident occurred that nearly buried Operation *Uberrumpelung* before it even got off the ground.

Ochrn and his crew were on one of their first test flights in the new Me-264 and Rauff, the co-pilot, was at the controls. Suddenly, Schafer in the nose, yelled over the intercom, "Achtung! Achtung! *Englisches Flugzeug*!"

The Royal Air Force Mosquito came in so fast that it caught the German gunners entirely off guard (a fact they were never allowed to forget). Fortunately, for Ochrn and his crew, the British plane was only lightly armed with two 20 mm cannon, being engaged in a long-range photo-reconnaissance mission. Even so, no sooner had Schafer shouted his warning than a cannon shell exploded inside the cockpit killing Rauff instantly, wounding Ochrn, and blowing out the plexiglass sidepanels.

Blood gushed from an ugly gash over the *Flugkapitan's* left eye. A piece of the instrument panel had struck him before he could take control of the plane from Rauff. As in a dream he felt the huge bomber nose down, heard the scream of the airstream as the Me-264 raced toward the cold gray sea. Slowly he

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closed his eyes and slumped in his seat.

At about 4,000 feet Ochrn regained consciousness. Struggling to an upright position, he wiped the blood from his eyes and looked out. Instinctively, he forced the control column back hard into his stomach.

The big bomber slowly came out of the dive. But when Ochrn tried to lift the right wing he discovered the aileron control cables were severed. The Victory plane was in a wing low position with one of its engines knocked out.

Desperately, Ochrn boosted full power to No. 3 engine and cut back Nos. 1 and 2 in an effort to level off. The turbo-jet assists were not operational. By holding left rudder and using the unbalanced power setting, he managed to maintain level flight in a yawing, twisting path through the sky.

Tensely, Ochrn spoke into the intercom: "Captain to crew. Report your condition . . ."

The Me-264 suddenly swung wildly to the right as another burst of cannon shells tore through the plexiglass nose. Ochrn leaned over his dead co-pilot and saw the slim, twin-engine Mosquito wheeling for a new attack.

Forgetting that his giant bomber was barely airborne, that one engine was out and some of his crew members were doubtless casualties, the *Flugkapitän* knew only that the British plane had to be destroyed—that if it were permitted to return to its base, photographic evidence of the top-secret V-bomber would be in enemy hands.

Slamming the throttles to maximum, Ochrn kicked right rudder and headed his big bird directly at the swooping Mosquito as it tore in on another pass. He didn't know the condition of his gunners, but still he roared straight at the British plane.

Ochrn gave no sign of the relief that he felt as he heard the 13 mm guns of Frahm's upper turret go into action behind him. The two planes were only seconds apart and a head-on collision seemed certain when the Englishman pulled up and over. As he did, Frahm stitched the pale-blue belly of the Mosquito from one end to the other.

Through the shattered panels of his cockpit, Ochrn smiled grimly as he watched the British plane roll over on its back, then dive out of control toward the sea. Into the intercom he said simply, "Sehr gut, Frahm."

After this initial misadventure everything went smoothly, and by October 4th, bombers and crews were ready for their fantastic mission.

In the afternoon of September 5th, Ochrn and his new co-pilot, *Unterleutnant* Lessing, made a final check-out flight over the sea, screened by a wing of Fw 190 fighters.

On October 6th, Ochrn called the two crews together for a final briefing and showed them aerial photographs of New York City. Two areas on the photographs were circled in white: Wall Street and Times Square. Both were to be hit by blockbusters specially developed for their tremendous blast effect. In addition, showers of small incendiary bombs were to be dropped over both targets. The combined effect on these two entirely unprepared areas during the five o'clock rush hour can well be imagined!

In the time that remained before take-off crew members tried to get some sleep, without any success. Finally they gave up and played cards, wrote last-minute letters, or nervously thumbed through old magazines.

At 0300 hours, the final weather report came in. It was favorable, though a low-pressure area was situated off Greenland and was moving gradually south.

At 0400, ham and eggs were served with real coffee (an unheard of luxury in Germany by 1944).

At 0450, *Flugkapitän* Ochrn climbed into his sleek olive-green and gray bomber for a last check. *Flugfuehrer* Rudel did the same for his plane. A few minutes later, both officers joined their crews and stepped out into the floodlighted area in front of the hangar, posed for pictures and climbed aboard their bombers for the last time to the blare of martial music and repeated *Sieg Heils*.

Soon the brass band and excited undertone of guttural voices were lost as the bombers' engines coughed into life and the planes taxied out to the end of the East-West runway.

At 0530, Ochrn eased his brakes. He edged the throttles forward, using differential power to keep the 40-ton airplane on the runway until he got speed enough for rudder control.

"Airspeed 120, 130, 140, 150 . . ." co-pilot Lessing, watching the instrument panel, called off the figures calmly.

It was time to lift off.

Ochrn advanced the throttles to maximum and snugged up the friction lock. There were three tons of sudden death in the bomb-bays of the big plane. *Gott im Himmel*—why didn't she lift?

Eyes glued to the runway, all either pilot could do was to hold the throttles wide open and hope the experimental turbo-jet assists could blast the big plane into the air. It seemed an eternity before the thump, thump, thump of the tires on the runway stopped.

"Wheels up," Ochrn said quietly.

The big plane was airborne, chasing the darkness above the gray dawn flatness of the Norwegian Sea.

"Eighty-six centimeters and 2,400 rpm," Ochrn ordered and Lessing immediately adjusted the power setting for climb. Ochrn held the airspeed indicator on 230 as the bullet-nosed Me-264 cut through the gray cover of clouds.

At 3,000 feet Lessing said, "We're losing power and the engines are running rough. Must be carburetor ice."

The *Flugkapitän* nodded. "Better put the carburetor ice filters on and close the intercoolers."

Before the *Unterleutnant* finished closing the intercoolers, Keppler, the flight engineer, was on the intercom. "Ice building up on the wings fast."

As with most planes, the Victory bomber had an effective de-icer boot system—boots that breathed intermittently and cracked off the ice before it got too heavy. There was only one snag—in combat the boots were removed. The only thing the pilot could do was to try and find an altitude where the temperature and humidity were such that ice would not form—quite a tall order in the dawn temperatures north of the 60th Parallel.

Ochrn had no alternative but to keep climbing, hoping to get out of the clouds before his ship iced up so badly it stalled on him. He flicked on the prop and windshield anti-icers and kept going.

Suddenly, at about 10,000 feet and less than two hours from base, the two bombers found themselves wrapped in the blinding flashes of a freak storm blowing off the Faeroes.

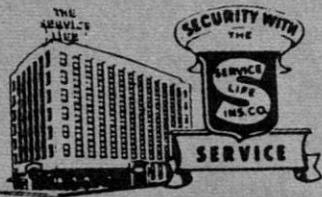
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Man's Illustrated

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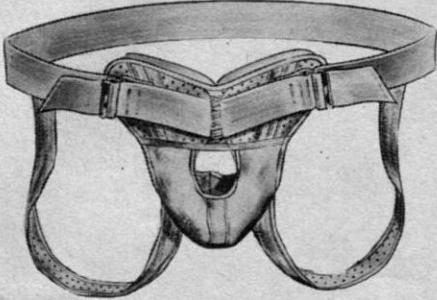
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had not been carried out, Ochnr fought desperately to hold control of the huge bomber. The storm, violent enough to begin with, reached new levels of shrieking intensity. Sleet exploded from clouds. The sound inside the plane became a steady thrumming, worsening as the sleet grew heavier and heavier.

And then—*hail!* Bullet-size chunks of ice smashed at the bombers. Visibility was treacherous and inevitably the two planes lost sight of each other.

The hail became a terrifying fusillade. Ochnr felt it attacking his plane with ever renewed fury in a staccato hammering. Relentlessly, he struggled for altitude.

The altimeter needle passed the 18,000 foot mark. At 18,400 feet, sunlight began to shine through the blue-black overcast. Minutes later, the bomber broke out into a clear sky of the deepest blue, with sunlight so bright it hurt the eyes.

"Do you see Rudel?" Ochnr asked anxiously.

Lessing searched the sky. "Nein, mein kapitan."

Ochnr then asked Tiedman, the navigator, for their position. He was told they were 700 kilometers due south of Reykjavik, approximately a third of the way to the target.

For several hours the flight was one of stunning beauty. At 20,000 feet, Ochnr and his crew found themselves in a lonely world of breathtaking majesty. Fantastic columns of snowy white cumulus towered high into the limitless expanse of blue surrounding them. Below, the sea was now as smooth and featureless as glass. Icebergs off Greenland on their northern horizon reflected dazzling light into the sky, like enormous sunlit beacons.

Of Rudel and the other bomber there was still no sign.

About noon, October 7, 1944, *Unteroffizier* Frahm from the upper turret simultaneously sighted land and an unidentified aircraft. The land was the coast of Newfoundland; the aircraft a lonely Hudson of the Royal Canadian Air Force on submarine patrol.

The *Flugkapitan* was not worried about the Hudson. With his superior speed and altitude he had nothing to fear from the Canadian plane. But he was worried about the enemy's radio—about losing the all-important element of surprise.

Some four hours later, within 150 miles of his target, Ochnr's worst fears were realized. Schafer from the nose of the bomber reported enemy fighters dead ahead.

They were P-47 pursuit planes of the New York Air National Guard, alerted by radio from Canada to an unidentified and possibly hostile aircraft spotted off Newfoundland and approaching continental U.S.

Ochnr's voice was tense over the intercom. "Amerikanische jagdflueze! Prepare for battle!"

The P-47's came in, flashing silver in the sunlight, blue flames twinkling along their wings as the American pilots pressed their firing buttons. The big German bomber was an easy target. Heavy machine gun slugs tore through the Me-264's fuselage, shattering plexiglass and puncturing the metal skin. The drone of the huge bomber's motors was drowned out by the hammering of German 13 mm guns returning the enemy fire. Acrid smoke filled the bomber which was vibrating from the recoil of its own guns and the impact of the American 50-calibers.

In front of Schafer—manning the nose guns—the plexiglass dissolved in a jagged shower. Enemy slugs ripped through the plane, smashing equipment, punching holes in the fuselage, and inevitably finding human targets.

The noise was maddening—screaming engines, the staccato chattering of machine guns, the steady barking of Buhle's cannon in the tail.

Tiedman, the navigator, collapsed over his table as a 50 caliber bullet carried half his skull away. Mueller, in the ball-turret, screamed in agony as a stream of tracers cut across his legs. Schafer's body jerked as slugs ripped out his guts.

The P-47's cut in with a co-ordinated frontal attack. Ignoring a slight flesh wound, Frahm in the upper turret tracked one of the U.S. interceptors and jammed his thumbs down on the firing buttons. His tracers cut a bright path through the air and found the enemy's gas tanks. The American plane exploded in a fiery ball. Frahm swung his guns around and caught another interceptor. The 13 mm slugs raked the American pilot to a crimson smear in his cockpit, and then the P-47 spun away wildly and plunged toward the sea.

But there was to be no respite for the Luftwaffe bomber. *Flugkapitan* Ochnr and his co-pilot fought the controls, banking, turning, skidding, as the huge Me-264 turned into a flying sieve.

The interceptors—only two of them now—screamed in again. One came from behind and above, raking the bomber, then rolled over and dove past her.

Ochnr pushed the control column forward and nosed the heavy plane for the sea. The engines howled a banshee wail with the added speed, and the wounded bomber groaned audibly from the strain as it shrieked into a dive.

The German was following the P-47 down. The diving American pilot looked back, his mouth agape. *The huge Luftwaffe bomber was diving after him!* He couldn't believe his eyes, and he acted instinctively, hauling back the stick and pulling up, directly into the line of Frahm's fire. The 13 mm slugs exploded in the American's cockpit blasting the pilot right out of his seat.

Ochnr pulled his big plane out of its screaming plunge slowly and very carefully. The remaining U.S. fighter tore in again, almost brushing wings with the staggering German bomber. Fifty-caliber slugs poured into the Luftwaffe plane—and found the cockpit. They smashed into one of Ochnr's arms and ripped open both his legs. They killed Lessing instantly.

A sudden explosion burst the air as the last P-47 went down, hit by Buhle's tail-cannon, twisting crazily as it spun toward the sea.

But the huge German bomber was finished. Smoke trailing from an engine, it dropped off on the left wing and started a slow spiral after the downed American plane.

Bone splinters sticking through dark patches in his flying suit, Ochnr struggled valiantly to keep from passing out and to get control of his plane. The big bomber answered momentarily, shuddered violently, then nosed over again and started back down. Ochnr flipped the alarm bell. This was the end. Tonelessly he said over the intercom, "Kameraden, prepare to ditch."

The bomber was now only a few hundred feet above the sea. Fighting desperately to keep the stricken plane from spinning in, Ochnr lined it up at right angles to the waves. Five feet above the

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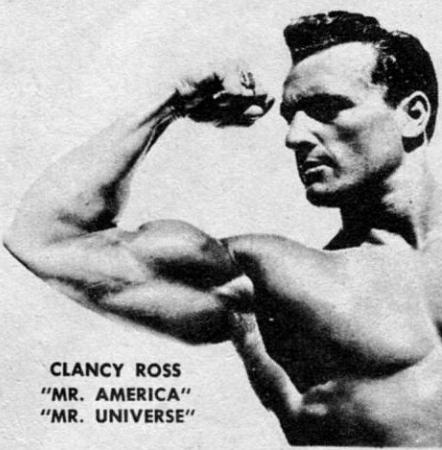


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choppy water he cut the switches, braced himself and stalled the huge machine down.

It hit perfectly, but the water stopped it as though it had flown head on into a brick wall. The already shattered nose went under and the tail shot 20 feet into the air, breaking Buhle's neck; then, slowly the huge bomber settled back down as it rapidly filled with water.

Keppler, the flight engineer, was the only member of the crew to get out. Uninjured, he was able to squirm through the after hatch before the mangled Victory bomber plunged beneath the waves.

Luckily the Atlantic was not too cold in that stretch off the coast. Keppler kept treading water for what must have seemed an eternity, riding the waves, becoming gradually more and more exhausted. Every time he dozed off, he got a mouthful of salt water.

Two hours after the big bomber went down, when it was already almost dark, an amphibian of the U.S. Coast Guard picked him out of the sea.

Unterleutnant Keppler spent the rest of the war in an American POW camp, and it is to his survival that posterity owes the details of Operation *Uberrumpelung*. Now an executive of the national airline of a small Latin American country, the ex-Luftwaffe officer published an account of the epic raid in a West German magazine.

Col. Werner Baumbach, a man intimately connected with the suicide raid, mentions it briefly in his classic work, *The Life and Death of the Luftwaffe*. It was Baumbach, too, who shortly before his death in an air accident at sea off Buenos Aires, composed a fitting epitaph to *Flugkapitan Ochsen* and the crew members of the two V-bombers (Rudel's machine was presumed lost in the storm).

"These brave men will never be forgotten; neither by those of us in the Luftwaffe who were privileged to serve with them, nor probably by those equally brave men who fought against them."

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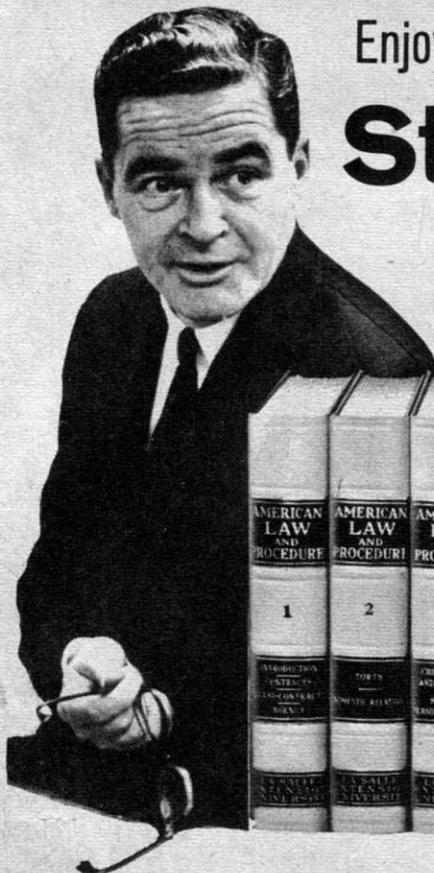
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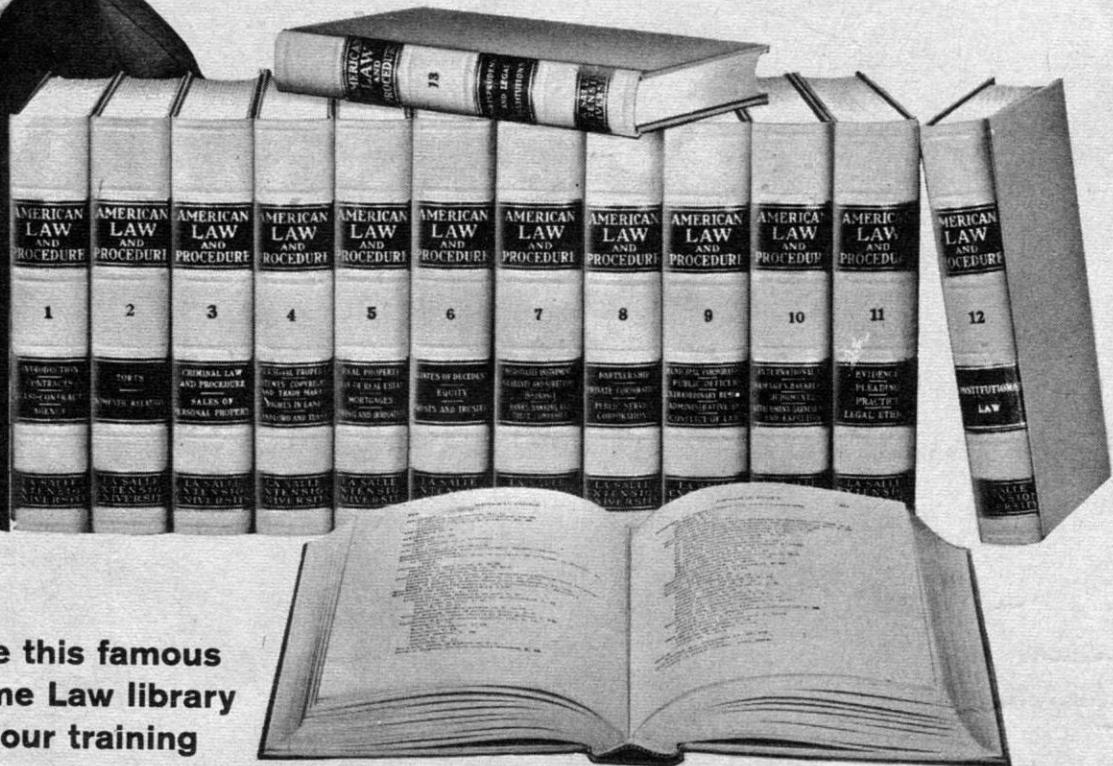
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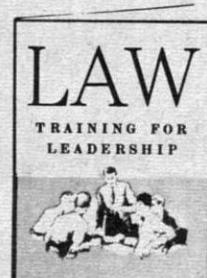
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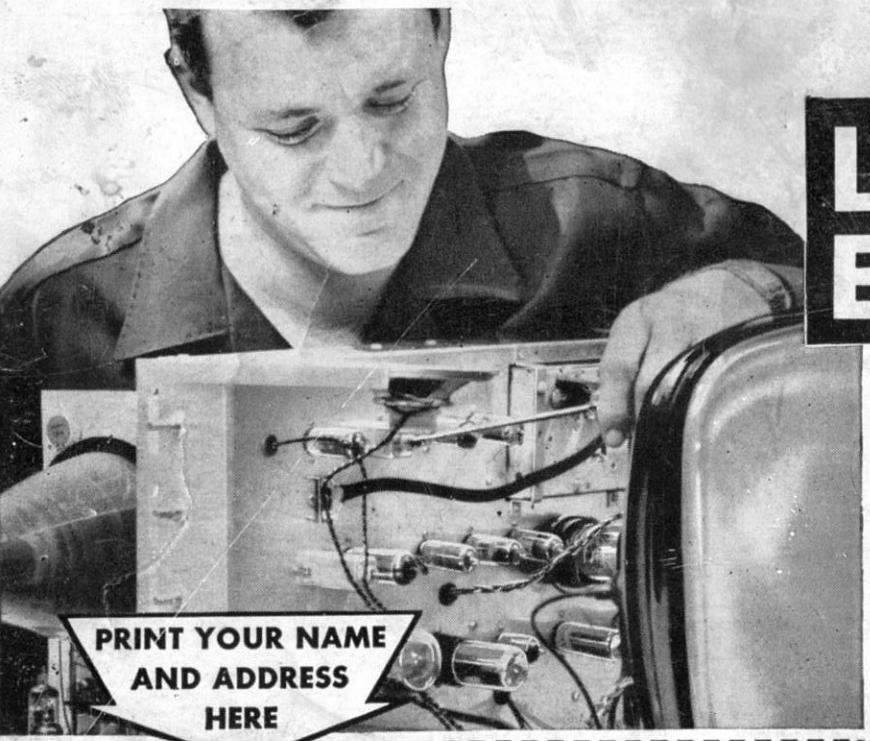
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